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PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N. H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

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712 Shelley and the Women He Loved
713 Byron and the Women He Loved
715 Auction Bridge for Beginners
716 Mother Goose
717 Modern Sexual Morality. *Wood*
718 Great Women of Antiquity
800 Sex in Psychoanalysis. *Wood*
74 Physiology of Sex Life. *Greer*
97 Self-Contradictions of the Bible
726 Simple Facts About Venereal Diseases
231 Humorous Sketches. *Twain*
166 English as She is Spoke. *Twain*
291 Jumping Frog. *Mark Twain*
14 What Every Girl Should Know. *Sanger*
91 Manhood: Facts of Life
217 Puzzle of Personality. *Wm. J. Fielding*
190 Psycho-Analysis: The Key to Human Behavior. *Fielding*
447 Auto-Suggestion — How it Works. *Fielding*
351 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself. *Bonus*
348 Rejuvenation — New Fountain of Youth. *Fielding*
550 K. K. K. — The Kreed of the Klansmen
58 Decameron. *Boccaccio*
572 Illicit Love, etc. *Boccaccio*
373 Tales of Love and Life. *Boccaccio*
574 The Falcon. *Boccaccio*
344 Don Juan. *Balzac*
15 Balzac's Short Stories
6 Love, and Other Stories. *De Maupassant*
199 The Tallow Ball. *De Maupassant*
78 One of Cleopatra's Nights. *Gautier*
57 Is The Moon a Dead World? *Shipley*
59 Robinson Crusoe
60 Electra, Euripides
61 African Jungle Tales
62 Antigone, Sophocles
63 New Light on Prehistoric Cultures. *Shipley*
64 Volney's Ruins of Empires
70 Legend of Saint Julian. *Flaubert*
71 Kant's Philosophy
72 Beggar's Opera. *Gay*
73 Gist of Herbert Spencer
74 The Christian System. *Schopenhauer*
75 Essays in Ethics. *Schopenhauer*
76 The Encheiridion or Manual. *Epictetus*
77 The Lifted Veil. *Eliot*
93 As a Man Thinketh. *James Allen*
98 Haeckel: Philosopher-Naturalist. *Fenton*
17 Hamilcar: Great Man of Carthage. *Flaubert*
630 The Second Story Man. *Upton Sinclair*
660 My Brother Paul. *Theodore Dreiser*
676 Sarah Bernhardt's Love Letters
680 Louis Pasteur: The Man and His Work
590–591–592 The Millennium. 3 vols. *Sinclair*
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666–667 Sarah Bernhardt As I Knew Her. 2 vols. *Dorian*
670 Josh Billings' Comical Lexicon
669 Josh Billings' Humorous Epigrams
663 Journalism in Tennessee. *Twain*
675 Philosophy of Love. *Sarah Bernhardt*
661 America and Sex Impulse. *Theo. Dreiser*
514 Hints on Writing Poetry
555 Structure of the Earth
556 Hints on Etiquette
567 Darwin As Naturalist
568 Darwin and Evolution
595 Happy Hypocrite. *Beerbohm*
596 History of Mexico
652 Is K K K Destructive? Debate. *Imperial Wizard Evans and Zangwill*
658 Walking Tours. *Stevenson*
662 Amusing Answers to Correspondents. *Twain*
664 Oscar Wilde's Letters to Sarah Bernhaart
665 Love Letters of Sarah Bernhardt to Sardou
668 Humorous Fables. *Twain*
583–584–585–586–587–588 Jungle. 6 vols. *Sinclair*
594 The Overman. *Sinclair*
659 The Lost Phoebe. *Theodore Dreiser*
239 26 Men and a Girl. *Gorky*
46 Salome. *Oscar Wilde*
163 Sex Life in Greece and Rome
95 Confessions of an Opium Eater. *DeQuincey*
189 Eugenics. *Ellis*
83 Marriage, Past and Present. *Mrs. Besant*
222 The Vampire, etc. *Kipling*
98 How to Love
77 What Great Men Have Said About Women
304 What Great Women Have Said About Men
4 Age of Reason. *Paine*
42 Origin of the Human Race
322 Buddhist Philosophy
219 Human Tragedy. *A. France*
18 Idle Thoughts. *Jerome*
38 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
45 Tolstoy's Short Stories
25 Rhyming Dictionary
82 Common Faults in English
20 Let's Laugh. *Nasby*
24 The Kiss, etc. *Chekhov*
215 Miraculous Revenge. *Bernard Shaw*
102 Sherlock Holmes Tales
145 Great Ghost Stories
23 Great Sea Stories
161 Country of the Blind. *Wells*
165 Discovery of the Future. *H. G. Wells*
130 Controversy on Christianity. *Ingersoll and Gladstone*
277 Man Without Country
221 On Women. *Maeterlinck*
30 What Life Means to Me. *Jack London*
491 Psychology for Beginners
477 Theosophy in Outline
438–439 Secret Memoirs. 2 vols. Madame De Pompadour
105 7 Hanged. *Andreyev*
131 Redemption. *Tolstoy*
1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
314 Short Stories. *Daudet*
324 Life of Lincoln. *Bower*
153 Chinese Philosophy of Life
162 Rue Morgue. *Poe*
92 Hypnotism Made Plain
149 Historic Crimes. *Finger*
66 Crimes of Borgias. *Dumas*
321 History of Evolution
209 Aspects of Birth Control
208 Debate on Birth Control. *Mrs. Sanger and Russell*
376 Woman of No Importance. *Oscar Wilde*
377 A Night in Luxembourg. *Gourmont*
482 Five Weeks in a Balloon. *Verne*
437 Hints on Scenario
342 Hints on News Reporting
326 Hints on Writing Short Stories
496 Hints on Writing One-Act Plays
292 Fifi. *De Maupassant*
296 Lyric Love. *Browning*
381 Wisdom of Dickens
382 Humor of Lincoln
417 Nature of Dreams. *Carrington*
65 Meditation. *Aurelius*
295 Master Builder. *Ibsen*
232 Three Strangers. *Hardy*
21 Carmen. *Merimee*
289 Pepys' Diary
27 Last Days Condemned Man. *Hugo*
205 Artemus Ward — His Book
336 Mark of the Beast. *Kipling*
16 Ghosts. *Ibsen*
151 Man Who Would Be King. *Kipling*
198 Majesty of Justice. *Anatole France*
150 Lost Civilizations. *Finger*
143 Time of Terror. *Balzac*
323 Life of Joan of Arc
124 Theory of Reincarnation
125 War Speeches of Wilson
12 Poe's Tales of Mystery
212 Life and Character. *Goethe*
61 What is Religion? *Tolstoy*
44 Aesop's Fables
156 Andersen's Fairy Tales
84 Love Letters of a Nun
172 Evolution of Love. *Key*
318 Christ in Flanders. *Balzac*
43 Marriage and Divorce. *Greeley and Owen*
128 Life of DuBarry
250 Romeo and Juliet
59 Epigrams of Wit
100 Red Laugh. *Andreyev*
56 Wisdom of Ingersoll
93 How to Live 100 Yrs.
290 Poe's Gold Bug
158 Alice in Wonderland
41 Xmas Carol. *Dickens*
144 Was Poe Immoral?
322 Man Who Was. *Kipling*
87 Love. *Montaigne*
89 Love Letters of Genius
516 Book of Real Adventures
524 Death: And Its Problems
532 Essays on Jesus. *Harry*
533 Essays on Friends of Jesus
537 Life of Barnum. *Finger*
538 Robin Hood. *Finger*
540 Stories in Yellow, Black, etc. *De Gourmont*
541 Stories in Green, Zinzolin, etc. *De Gourmont*
554 Child's Garden of Verses
19 Nietzsche: Who He Was
73 Whitman's Poems
311 Lodging for Night. *Stevenson*
133 Electricity Explained
510 Electric Energy: What It Does. *Moritzen*
32 Poe's Poems
327 Ice Age. *Finger*
202 Survival of Fittest
28 Toleration. *Voltaire*
184 Primitive Beliefs
275 Building of the Earth
230 Fleece of Gold. *Gautier*
204 Sun Worship. *Tichenor*
345 Clarimonde. *Gautier*
187 Whistler's Humor
76 Prince of Peace. *Bryan*
113 Proverbs of England
114 Proverbs of France
119 Proverbs of Ireland
168 Epigrams. *Wilde*
29 Dreams. *Schreiner*
180 Epigrams of Shaw
313 Decay of Lying. *Wilde*
148 Strength of the Strong. *London*
2 Wilde's Ballad of Reading Jail
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329–330 Dante's Inferno. 2 vols.
214 Speeches of Lincoln
126 History of Rome. *Wood*
69 Life of Mary, Queen of Scots
308 She Stoops to Conquer
60 Emerson's Essays
157 Plato's Republic
216 Wit of Heine. *Eliot*
8 Lady Windermere's Fan
94 Trial and Death of Socrates
182 Daisy Miller. *H. James*
22 Tolstoy: His Life and Works
191 Evolution vs. Religion
129 Rome or Reason. *Ingersoll*
49 Evolution. *Haeckel*
62 Schopenhauer's Essays
280 Happy Prince. *Wilde*
522 Life of Tom Paine. *Gunn*
493 New Discoveries in Science
489 Yiddish Short Stories
488 Great Yiddish Poetry
471 Essence of Confucianism
469 The Egypt of Yesterday
465 Esperanto for Beginners
420 Great Spanish Short Stories
419 Life: Its Origin and Nature
416 God of Vengeance. *Asch*
397 Irish Fairy Tales
398 Irish Folk Songs and Tales
399–400 Arabian Nights. 2 vols.
395 Autobiography of Cellini
396 Embers. *Haldeman-Julius*
369 Artemus Ward's Travels
363 Miggles, etc. *Harte*
357 City of Dreadful Night. *Kipling*
319 Saint-Gerane. *Dumas*
307 Tillvloss Scandal. *Barrie*
301 Sailor, Cowboys' Songs
26 Going to Church. *Shaw*
284 Poems of Burns
200 Ignorant Philosopher. *Voltaire*
103 Pocket Theology. *Voltaire*
211 Idea of God in Nature. *Mill*
246 Hamlet. *Shakespeare*
278 Friendship, etc. *Thoreau*
218 Essence of the Talmud
7 Liberal Education. *Huxley*
52 Voltaire. *Hugo*
104 Waterloo. *Hugo*
134 Misanthrope. *Moliere*
57 Rip Van Winkle. *Irving*
90 Mikado. *Gilbert*
325 Essence of Buddhism
33 Brann: Sham Smasher
48 Bacon's Essays
167 Plutarch's Rules of Health
53 Insects and Men. *Darrow*
80 Pillars of Society. *Ibsen*
122 Spiritualism. *Doyle and McCabe*
55 Spencer: Life and Works
266 Life of Shakespeare
268 Merchant of Venice
142 Bismarck's Life
179 Gems from Emerson
276 Speeches of Washington
320 Prince. *Machiavelli*

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By M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

(*Commenting on* COOLIDGE)

I incline to think that he may turn out to be a Yankee Lincoln—a local lawyer large enough to handle things memorably.

(*Commenting on* HENRY CABOT LODGE)

I not only like him personally, to the point of affection, but I confidently believe him a man of simple and genuine public spirit. His experience is very great; he knows a good deal more than most men have forgotten; and he thinks not with a politician's adroitness but with our nearest approach to the foresight of a statesman.

(*Commenting on* PROHIBITION)

I am inclined to think intoxicants the social sedative which has kept Western society from exploding. They anaesthetize discontent. National Prohibition I rather expect to blow things up at any time.

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THE LIVING AGE

March 21, 1925

Vol. 324 CONTENTS No. 4211

A Week of the World 627
Europe's Current Issue—The Barmat Scandal—Heckling the Royal Family—Minor Notes

An Interviewer in Spain . . . . . FERNAND DE BRINON 633
The Dangerous Situation Created by the Dictatorship, as Seen by the Former Law Editor of *Journal des Débats*

Random Recollections . . . SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON 641
Travels and Adventures of the World's Most Famous Actor on and off Stage

From the Sahara to the Sea. I . . . . . HENRI DE KERILLIS 648
A Motorist's Impression of a Remarkable Pathfinding Journey along the Bird-Peopled Banks of the Niger

The Night . . . . . ELEANOR FARJEON 654
A Poem

A Client of Mine . . . . . LORD BIRKENHEAD 655
The Ex-Chancellor of England Tells the Story of His Most Famous Murder Case

German Statesmen in Action . . . . . H. W. 659
A Scandinavian Correspondent's Pen-Portraits of Luther and Stresemann in a Moment of International Crisis

The Mysterious Temple 665
A Chinese Folk-Story of Devils and Enchantment

Though the Snow Falls . . . . . CYRIL G. TAYLOR 668
A Poem

Life, Letters, and the Arts 669
Our New Ancestor—A Parisian Idol—In the Home of a Japanese Poet—The Harsh Biographer

Books Abroad 673
Life and Letters of George Wyndham—Mr. Pepys: An Introduction to the Diary, together with a Short Sketch of His Later Life—After Lenin—Books Mentioned

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THIS WEEK

EVEN as an Oxford undergraduate named Smith, Lord Birkenhead enjoyed a reputation for withering brilliance that did not wane as he grew older and his name grew longer. Back in 1910 he defended the 'other woman' in the internationally renowned Crippen Case, which he summarizes for us in this issue.

★ ★ ★

The *Journal des Débats* has all the prestige in Paris that the *Atlantic Monthly* has over here, and Fernand de Brinon speaks with nearly as much authority as the United States Supreme Court. Interviewing Spaniards is a delicate piece of work these days, and the conclusions of anyone who laid himself open to such windbags of doctrine as Blasco Ibáñez, King Alfonso, and General Primo de Rivera are given an attentive ear by those who know.

★ ★ ★

What goes on behind the scenes in the mysterious world of European diplomacy need never be a secret so long as H. W. describes the official activities of Aussenminister Herr Gustav Stresemann and so long as he is able to pass a '*gemütlichen Bier-Abend*' with Chancellor Luther now and then. These two men are both of a reactionary turn of mind, and will have to be reckoned with more than ever now that President Ebert has joined the Great Majority.

★ ★ ★

Reminiscences in the good old English style from the pen of such a man as Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson are not to be found every day in the week. The material that we offer includes anecdotes about Sam Butler, Charles Reade, Ellen Terry, George Meredith, and W. S. Gilbert, with a Jimmie Whistler–Oscar Wilde episode by way of humorous finale.

★ ★ ★

That a low form of human life flourished several millions of years ago is the conclusion of certain British scientists who have just unearthed the bones of a genuine ape-man in a limestone cave in South Africa. The first note in 'Life, Letters, and the Arts' tells you about this astonishing discovery in detail.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 324—*MARCH 21, 1925*—NO. 4211

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

EUROPE'S CURRENT ISSUE

Two matters of supreme importance stand in the high light of Europe at the moment this is written: the predicted rejection of the Geneva Protocol by Austen Chamberlain, Foreign Minister of Great Britain, at the March meeting of the League Council; and the continued depreciation of the franc, that barometer of France's precarious financial health. Both questions naturally preoccupy the attention of the foreign press, and they are interrelated.

Which will be responsible for the failure of the Protocol — the Power that directly vetoes it, or the Powers that wrote into it provisions which doomed it to failure? Concerning the Protocol itself one man's opinion is as good as another's; like a personal preference for the Common Law or the Code Napoléon. Significant exegesis of the League Covenant keeps coming to us from the smaller nations, especially from Latin America, arguing that the League's failure as a peace guarantor is due to the overwhelming preponderance of two or three Great Powers in its Councils. One remedy would be to increase the number of these Great Powers, so that they might form a jury instead of a narrow and discordant bench.

This raises at once the question of admitting Germany and Russia to the League, and in case of each the proposal is conditioned by immediate and practical issues. The Report of the Interallied Military Mission of Control, which up to the present writing has not been published, promises to have a vital bearing upon Germany's status. This Report has not been drafted under altogether happy auspices. Indeed there are rumors of improper intrigues, and even scandal, within the Mission itself. But these do not affect substantiated facts, which press forecasts say will include the following: Germany's General Staff has been revived; men are being passed rapidly through her Standing Army and Security Police so as to create a large force of trained soldiers; German factories can revert to munition-making on short notice. A 'diplomatic correspondent' of the *Westminster Gazette*, which ordinarily is friendly to Germany, says: 'The Report is regarded in London as affording serious evidence for the contention that efforts

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are being made in Germany, against the will of the great majority of the people, who are not in favor of militarism, to create the machinery which would restore the old military power of Germany.'

The French press insists on publication in full. German authorities argue that, quite apart from the Report's specific charges, which they dispute, French security against Germany is already greater than was provided by the Treaty of Versailles. Not only has the area of occupation been extended beyond the limits specified in that Treaty, but the following additional guaranties have been provided: —

1. The restriction of German armaments to patterns of 1919 constitutes an inferiority as compared with France, which becomes automatically greater year by year.

2. The German western frontier has since been deprived of its fortifications.

3. The regulations affecting German aviation are much more severe than those laid down by Articles 198 and 210 of the Peace Treaty.

4. The regulations for future military control by the League of Nations imply a degree of severity which would have been considered inconsistent with sovereignty when Article 213 was drawn up.

5. France has since concluded alliances with Belgium, Poland, and Czechoslovakia.

6. The Dawes Plan has internationalized the German railways to such an extent that railway mobilization has become technically impossible.

7. France has increased both her white and her colonial armies to a degree then unimaginable.

It is generally agreed that Russia's candidacy for membership in the League, even should her rulers express a desire to join that body, of which there is no present indication, would be hopeless so long as the existing connection between the Soviet Government and the Third International lasts. For Russia to divorce the two organizations would be tantamount to her officially renouncing propaganda for a world revolution, which is the inspiring idea of the Communist movement. An inquiry parallel in purpose, though not in form, to that made by the Interallied Commission in Germany, has just been completed by representatives of the Western Powers into the military resources of the Soviet Republic. It is understood that the information secured is reassuring in the sense that Russia is shown to be unprepared to attack her western neighbors. Another report on Russia, that of the delegation of the British Trade-Union Congress which visited that country last November and December, has now been published. An attempt was made to discredit in advance the findings of this delegation, by showing that its members went to Russia biased in favor of the Bolsheviki and that they were shown a 'salted mine,' so to speak, while there. Undoubtedly they did try to make capital for Russian recognition, which is a plank of the Labor Party platform. The members were not qualified to speak as experts regarding the army, which they report to number 563,000 men against a total of more than 5,000,000 men four years ago. Their most interesting political conclusion is: 'It seems clear to the delegation that the present Communist system has, by way of complicated compromises, arrived at a condition that is not Communism, but would be better described as a form of State socialism or State capitalism.' After enumerating in detail the elements of a worker's — that is an industrial worker's — relative compensation to-day and before the Revolution, the delegation concludes: 'It seems safe to say that the present pay of the Russian worker is very much better than pre-war.'

Returning to the question of the franc, the story of the French Cabi-

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net's proposal to perpetuate its present low quotation by virtually converting it into a monetary unit of permanently reduced value, and the abrupt dropping of the plan in face of the firm resistance of the Bank of France, has become public property. Premier Herriot's Government is now engaged in a pitched battle with tax-resisters and tax-evaders, and the country's financial situation is serious beyond dispute. One responsible British observer writes: 'There is really no reason why the franc should not slump to two hundred or even three hundred to the pound sterling.' That would be equivalent to a capital levy upon owners of French securities at home and abroad amounting to at least two thirds of the present value of their holdings. The London *Outlook* attributes the acuteness of the crisis partly to M. Herriot's quarrel with the Clericals. When the last loan was floated, Catholic Brittany is said to have subscribed practically nothing; while on the other hand, capitalists and rich investors are afraid of the Socialist influences in the Herriot Government, and have been secretly exporting their securities.

✱

THE BARMAT SCANDAL

BERLIN has been airing a noisome financial scandal, to the ruin of several respected reputations in Germany, especially among the Social Democrats; and the Monarchist press is correspondingly elated. We print elsewhere an article that, despite a certain bias inseparable from Party apologetics, seems to set forth fairly some of the psychological causes for the corruption that has afflicted several post-bellum administrations. But the article needs some elucidation for an American reader who has not been deluged with the detailed revelations that have filled the European press.

Julius Barmat is a Russian Jew who settled in Holland before the war. Beginning business in a humble way as a trader in foodstuffs with Germany, he soon acquired a large fortune by speculating on the depreciation of the mark. That is, he bought property of stable value — provisions, merchandise, raw materials, and sound corporation stocks — with marks borrowed from banks, which he repaid, mark for mark, when that monetary unit had depreciated to a fraction of its value at the time the loan was made. But he was 'caught short' when mark quotations turned upward, and it was then discovered that the securities he had deposited to guarantee his loans were comparatively worthless. When an inquiry started it was found that bank-managers and politicians were largely responsible for the losses the lending institutions thus incurred.

In other words, Barmat belongs in the same class with Castiglione, the Vienna plunger whose spectacular financial career we described editorially some months ago. Like Castiglione, he plunged once too often, and has thereby fallen into an obloquy that bigger and shrewder plungers like Hugo Stinnes happily escaped. But the significance of the Barmat case lies in the men whom he associated with himself, directly or indirectly, in his German dealings. Some of them were leading Socialists who used their political influence to secure him improper — and probably illegal — favors from the Prussian State Bank and other financial institutions.

Ex-Chancellor Bauer roundly denied that he had profited financially from his connections with Barmat. This denial drew the following crushing refutation from *Berliner Lokalanzeiger*, a Monarchist organ, in the form of a letter from the management of one of Barmat's enterprises, the 'Anexima

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Company,' written to Bauer last September: —

'Your letter of the twenty-sixth instant to Director Barmat has been referred to us for reply. We enclose herewith an extract from your account, from which you will kindly note that you are entitled to $1207.66 and 1,915,700 marks, but that there is an offset on account of previous overpayments to you of 910 Holland florins, equivalent to $357.35 at present exchange; so that the real balance to your credit totals $850.31 plus 1,915,700 marks.

'The claims you presented in your letter of September 12 are absolutely unfounded. Equally incorrect are the claims in your present letter, as you can see from the extract of your account enclosed. Your four-per-cent commission on sales has been converted since the first of April into 300 Holland florins monthly, so that no longer figures in the account. You have no claim to the commission for securing the 6,000,000,000 marks credit, for you were paid $2000 spot cash for that. Naturally, as you yourself know, we cannot buy the bills of exchange for you, seeing that you sold your own bills last June.

'We pass over the fact that Mr. Barmat has incurred colossal losses through your authentic information from the highest circles. We also refrain from mentioning the one thousand Holland guldens that you received from Mr. Barmat outside of your regular payments, and several hundred guldens that Mr. Barmat gave you in Holland without receiving any special service in return. Furthermore, several hundred thousand marks which Mr. Barmat gave you at various times when the mark was still worth a good deal, and the 600 "Dema" shares which were given you without cost to yourself, are not included in this account.'

It was the publication of this letter that moved the Social Democrats to make Bauer resign his Reichstag seat and sever his connection with their Party. During this washing of dirty linen, which no Party in the former Coalition, with a single exception, seems to have been spared, the Centrists or Clericals prudently anticipated the disclosures by dropping suspected members before their peccadillos became public property. The Socialists, on the other hand, deputed friends of the suspected members to inquire into their misdeeds, with a most unfortunate effect upon their Party's reputation. To be sure, the more prominent members of that Party come out of the investigation with clean hands. President Ebert's good name was never clouded, despite the efforts of the Nationalists to besmirch it. Minister Stresemann, a Conservative, is shown to have been in communication with the Barmat group, though not necessarily in an improper way. The Communists have not been able to profit by the woes of their bitter enemies, the Socialists, because simultaneously with these revelations the High Court proceedings at Leipzig brought to light a sinister story of Bolshevist preparation for a revolution to be inaugurated by the murder of prominent politicians and financiers.

The *Observer* exonerates one Party in the former Coalition Government of blame. 'Out of the inexplicable tangle emerges one salient fact which the German reactionaries might do well to recognize once and for all. The Democratic Party, consisting in the main of Jewish elements in the world of commerce and finance, has either sufficient acumen to mistrust golden offers emanating from foreign sources or else sense enough to make money without outside help. It stands out as the one Republican Party capable of carrying on the Reich's business without being

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subjected to painful inquiries from the Right for many months to come.'

Eventually, as generally happens in such cases, scandalmongering went to extremes and produced a reaction. Some of the most sensational charges were proved to be unsubstantiated, and several of the accused were probably more indiscreet than dishonest. Fear was expressed lest the scandal harm Germany abroad. *Vossische Zeitung* declared: 'The longer these disclosures are drawn out the greater the danger that Germany's reputation abroad will suffer. The more promptly and thoroughly the thing is aired to the bottom the better for all concerned. Let us have every scrap of evidence upon the table, where all the world can see it, and we can make a clean sweep of those who have misused their official positions. Corruption has always existed, and it is not surprising that it should thrive exceptionally in a period of abnormal economic conditions. One advantage of democratic institutions is that they bring such things to light and expose them unsparingly to the public gaze. Concealment in order to protect people of high rank, such as was practised under the monarchy, is no longer possible.'

♚

HECKLING THE ROYAL FAMILY

A LITTLE flurry was raised in the House of Commons last month by the criticism made by Mr. Kirkwood, a Labor Member, upon the expensive tours of the Prince of Wales; and though Ramsay MacDonald hastened to explain that his obstreperous follower was not speaking as the mouthpiece of his Party, the incident seems to have left an uneasy impression. What the Labor Member criticized was not so much royalty as an institution, or the Royal Family as representatives of that institution, but the preoccupation of these figureheads of empire with the pleasures and doings of a single social caste. The Labor *Daily Herald* expressed this objection as follows: —

It would be unfair to put all the blame upon the Royal Family for allowing themselves to be 'run' so exclusively by one class, adopting all its habits, identifying themselves so thoroughly with all its interests. That has always been the tradition. An effort is required to break with it. But we do suggest that such an effort is desirable — indeed, necessary. On our part, we ought, as a people, to make an effort also — an effort to find some job for the heir to the throne, some regular occupation which would make him part of the machinery of government.

Indeed, this opinion is shared to some extent by certain Britishers of quite different political complexion. The *Outlook*, which is far more Tory than Labor, says: —

Actually there is a great deal to be said for Mr. Kirkwood's contention — which is, to put it briefly, that the Prince ought to be as well acquainted with the miserable homes in which some of his future subjects live as he is already — Heaven help him! — with the miserable speeches which some Lord Provosts and Mayors inflict upon him when he has to attend those formidable banquets that he must pretend to enjoy. There is no doubt that this thing lies near to the heart of Labor. I remember a Glasgow Labor leader telling me that if the King and Queen were to walk through the Clydeside slums they would have such a welcome as would deafen them. 'And,' he added grimly 'we should like to hang one or two other people, — an insurance agent, a factor, and if possible a landlord, — afterwards, just to round off a perfect day.'

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MINOR NOTES

BARON SAITO, the Governor-General of Korea, has made a contribution to political philosophy that may help to explain why the United States, the British Dominions, and some of the

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less impoverished Powers of Western Europe are blessed with democratic institutions — at least in form. He tells the people of Japan that elected assemblies are a luxury suitable only for wealthy countries. The poor Koreans over whom he rules could not afford such an indulgence. They would be unable to stand the cost. And all this before he had an opportunity to cite the last salary-grab in Washington to point the moral of his tale!

A DEPUTATION from the Jewish Board of Deputies called upon the British Home Secretary recently to protest against the operation of the Aliens Restriction Act. The Secretary explained that there were two kinds of people subject to deportation: first, those who creep into the country in defiance of regulations; secondly, those who are recommended by judges or magistrates for deportation. The Secretary has also deported, under his discretionary authority, 'traffickers in cocaine and people who are openly leading a life of vice.' He insisted that no discrimination was made between Jews and others, and said in conclusion: 'Don't get your community in the position of being opposed to the majority view of the House of Commons in regard to alien restrictions as a whole. If you have any difficulties in regard to people of your own faith, come to me, as you have come to-day, put them frankly before me as you have done to-day, and forgive me if I answer you equally frankly.'

WE thank the Paris Nationalist weekly *L'Opinion* for the following note upon two distinguished octogenarians: 'M. Giolitti, though past eighty, has just renewed for twenty-five years the lease of the apartment that he occupies in Rome. That was a clever retort to the witticism of Cardinal Gasparri, who, when asked by a diplomat, "Who, in Your Eminence's opinion, will succeed Mussolini?" answered, "Giolitti." "And how soon?" "In twenty-five years." M. Clemenceau is as hale and hearty as his Italian colleague and coeval. When someone asked recently how he would handle the Cartel des Gauches, he said, "I'd wear it out."'

BRITISH LABOR OPINION IN CARTOONS

Putting Away Mr. Asquith
— London *Daily Herald*

A Hard Box To Open
— London *Daily Herald*

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AN INTERVIEWER IN SPAIN

A STUDY IN DICTATORSHIP

BY FERNAND DE BRINON

From *Journal des Débats, January* 31, *February* 1, 2, 4, 5, 6
(PARIS QUASI-OFFICIAL CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

[THE author is the former law-editor of *Journal des Débats*, and we regard this contribution as an exceptionally painstaking and authentic exposé of conditions in Spain.]

IN one of his numerous addresses during the recent birthday celebrations in honor of King Alfonso and the military Directory, General Primo de Rivera enumerated the great problems he was seeking to solve as Morocco, Catalonian separatism, and business depression. He asserted that satisfactory progress was being made toward the settlement of all three, but that the work was still far from ended.

Thereby the President of the Directory admitted unequivocally that his early hopes had been disappointing. When he and his associates seized power in September 1923 they expected to finish the job they had set themselves in ninety days. He has learned wisdom since then, for at the celebration just mentioned he invited his auditors to assemble again next year to take stock of the Directory's accomplishments. That will surprise many people; but facts are facts. After completing a thorough tour of Spain, after conversing frankly with the gentlemen of the Directory and the political leaders of the régime it overthrew, after having listened to the voice of public opinion as represented by the man on the street, I see no good reason why Primo de Rivera may not reasonably expect to deliver a new series of orations a year from now to his faithful followers of the Patriotic Union.

Bear in mind I do not state this as a prophecy. I am merely reporting present facts as I see them. Now let us try to explain.

Fifteen months of dictatorship closed with popular demonstrations in its favor at Madrid. A new phase commenced. You are inclined to say: The dictatorship, then, must be very strong, for it has survived more than a year in spite of the general prediction that its life would be brief. Consequently it must suit the Spanish people. Otherwise they would not have spent three days celebrating it and paying honor to its leaders at their capital.

Well, I witnessed the celebrations during the twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth of January. I watched Primo de Rivera arrive on the morning of the twenty-second at Atocha Station. I saw him received by his ministers in uniform, by the higher officers of the army, and by the bishops. I heard him greeted by the young men of the Patriotic Union with enthusiastic cheers. A man shouted, 'Long life, Spain's Savior!' and the Dictator bowed. Then he entered his carriage followed by a group of fifty or more enthusiastic students. Automobiles carrying high Church dignitaries and high army officers followed. I heard him later at a public banquet thank the delegations from the provinces for their

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presence, and wild cheering punctuated every sentence he uttered. Last of all, I watched from a balcony in the Alcala on January 23 the imposing procession that marched through the streets as an answer to the pamphlet of Blasco Ibáñez, and that carried to the Royal Palace the country's homage to her King.

Cavalry of the National Guard in gorgeous uniforms, wearing tall, white-plumed helmets, escorted the civic delegations. Bewigged macers in picturesque mediæval garb of office bore the insignia of their respective provinces. Alcaldes with their staffs and other official badges, and sometimes in local costumes, added under the bright sun to the vivid coloring of the scene. I admired the kettledrummers of Burgos; the handsome lads and lassies of Murcia, marching like gods under their shining banners; the young people of Orense singing and dancing to the accompaniment of their tambourines; the macers of Béjar with their heads and bodies covered with moss in memory of the stratagem that saved their province in time of war; the drummers and fifers of Guipuzcoa; and the ancient standard of the Catholic kings carried in front of the delegation of Granada.

'A fine expression of public sentiment. It seems to represent the Spain of tradition perfectly,' I said to my neighbor.

He was an ardent Spaniard, an enthusiastic admirer of his country, its climate, and its genius. His silence surprised me. He seldom joined in the applause that marked the passage of the delegations — for many of the residents of Madrid greeted with enthusiasm the banners and the costumes of the province where they were born. He answered: 'Unquestionably here is a little of the Spain of writers and painters. Here are some fragments of our parquetry. For the last few years the Sovereign's birthday has been observed by a few gentlemen in silk hats and frock coats who called at the Palace without exciting the attention of the people. To-day the ceremony is more colorful. I am glad on your account, but a Frenchman who wants to know Spain in 1925 needs to have her interpreted for him.

'How much more significant this homage to our Sovereign would have been if it had been spontaneous and free. Not many Spaniards would have refused to join in celebrating their King's birthday. We are Monarchists, partly perhaps from sentiment, but more for practical reasons. We cannot imagine a Spanish government just now without a monarch. The Sovereign incarnates our national unity, which would be seriously menaced without him. But why don't you see here to-day any of the Spaniards who represent unquestionably the best elements of the nation? Not a single outstanding figure in our public life, either Conservative or Liberal, is among these people. Yet they likewise are Monarchists.'

'Is that true? Then why are they absent?'

'Every prominent public man, everyone who ranks among our national leaders, has agreed to keep away. Nevertheless, at the last moment they all were officially invited to join the celebration. Not one of them accepted, because these ceremonies are merely a device of the Directory to add prestige to the dictatorship. Remember that they began with a speech by General Primo de Rivera and that they will end with another speech by him. Unhappily, my friend, all that you see before you is merely a theatre show.'

'But these alcaldes, these provincial delegations?'

'Every one of these alcaldes is a personal appointee of the Directory. There is no longer in Spain a member of

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parliament, a general counselor, a municipal councilor, or an alcalde who was freely elected. Our political life has absolutely ceased since September 1923. All the men who are marching down there are the Directory's functionaries. They have been invited to come to Madrid. It is not a disagreeable experience to make a trip to the capital with your expenses paid and with the prospect of a good time during your visit. More than that, there is reason to believe that many of these gentlemen never heard even the name of Blasco Ibáñez. It is absolutely certain that they know nothing of his pamphlet, for the excellent reason that they are forbidden to read it under penalty of imprisonment. If you really knew Spain you would see many significant things in that procession. Note how the delegation from Catalonia is straggled out to make a big showing. That is symptomatic. Observe the Madrid delegation. The Lord Mayor and the *City Councilors* are marching proudly at its head. This morning the newspaper printed a notice asking the people to fall in behind. How many do you see?'

And in fact while he was speaking the Madrid detachment was just filing past led by a corps of trumpeters. I saw behind the City Councilors and the city employees one little group carefully surrounded by an escort of cavalry. It consisted of the same young men whom I had seen the previous morning welcoming Primo de Rivera at Atocha Station. They held each other by the hand, marched in step, and cheered in regular cadence: 'General Primo de Rivera!'

Several Spanish generals are born orators. Is it this gift that makes them so fond of politics? I don't know. But General Primo de Rivera is certainly a gentleman who does not regard the spoken word as an enemy of action. He loves the platform and often speaks with brilliant eloquence. He delivered three important addresses at Madrid within two days, all of which I had the privilege of hearing. At the banquet to the provincial deputations on January 22 he spoke into a radio transmitter, and as this apparatus was very high, it partially eclipsed his countenance, giving him, as seen from my seat, a slight resemblance to an aureole. At each outburst of applause the Dictator would lay the long cigar he was slowly smoking in an ash tray, rise on his toes, and bow to the right, to the left, and to the front. His voice was a little shrill, his gestures sweeping and rapid. He expressed his gratification for the hearty welcome he had received, professed his loyalty to Spain, and detailed what he wished to accomplish. He was framed from behind by two other guests, one of whom was very deaf and listened through a long trumpet like a saxophone, which he jerked around in order to escape the General's gestures, so that he looked as if he were playing an accompaniment. The other gentleman burst into wild acclamations at the end of every one of the General's sentences. I recall these: 'Long live Primo de Rivera, Savior of Spain!' 'Long live the most glorious general of the century!' 'Long live the Military Directory!' 'We civilians need just the man that you are to lead us.' I should have been more impressed by this gentleman's enthusiasm if I had not discovered that he was an employee of the hotel and an Italian subject.

Among the gentlemen who were so kind as to give me an interview was Admiral de Magaz, Acting President of the Directory. Among other subjects we mentioned was the prosecution that the Spanish Government brought in the French courts against Blasco Ibáñez, which the Admiral informed me was to be withdrawn. Happy to have learned this news in advance, I

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hastened as soon as the interview was over to telegraph the fact to France. The clerk who received my message glanced at it suspiciously. A few hours later I was informed that the censor had forbidden its dispatch.

Another member of the Directory whom, after considerable difficulty, I succeeded in interviewing was General Martinez Anido. In 1920, as Captain-General of Barcelona, he put the city under a regimen he had learned during his service in Cuba and the Philippines. He proclaimed the 'Law of Flight' which will always be a blot upon his memory. Any suspicious person who tried to escape when arrested was simply shot down and that was all. In this way General Anido cleared the town of trouble-makers — and he did so with tireless zeal. We are told that he even encouraged an attempt to assassinate himself in order to make short shrift of some of his enemies. Indeed, he did his work so well that when he had to leave Barcelona he was forced to seek concealment for a time on an island off the coast of Galicia.

When, after several futile efforts, I was finally granted an audience with the General, I was shown into a great reception-hall where several people were seated. They were alcaldes or delegates from the provinces who had come to Madrid to celebrate the King's birthday and incidentally to report to the General, who performs the functions of a Minister of the Interior. A secretary made them rise in couples. He presented one to the General, who stood in full uniform in the middle of the room, while the other waited a few steps to the rear. The General listened, asked questions, and occasionally summoned a young lady stenographer from her desk at a window-seat to dictate a few notes. The interview over, the official presented clicked his heels together, saluted, and withdrew, while the second one took his place. When my turn came, General Anido, not recognizing me as one of his alcaldes, motioned me to a corner of the room. Then, smilingly regarding me with his green eyes, he awaited my questions. I did n't know what to say. I talked about the beautiful Spanish sun which bathed the apartment we were in, the courteous reception Admiral de Magaz had given me, and the arrival of Primo de Rivera, and concluded by asking him if he had anything he could tell me.

He said: 'Forty thousand people have come here to show their loyalty to the King. You must attend the whole celebration. You will discover that we have order in our country, order everywhere.' I left. Five gendarmes stood on guard at the door; two sentries were stationed a little farther on; civic guards were posted in front of the building. And I walked away, haunted by the green stare of Don Severiano Martinez Anido's eyes.

I am authorized to report, mentioning my authority, whatever the members and representatives of the Military Directory told me. They are in power and are the masters of their thoughts and their acts. I interviewed other Spaniards who spoke freely but in every case begged me not to mention their names. Naturally I shall not do so. But what I have recorded is scrupulously authentic. My sole purpose is to describe the situation as the Spaniards themselves see it.

A Conservative, who is of course a Monarchist, said to me: 'I know that our present situation is difficult for a stranger to understand. Let me try to elucidate it. How does it happen that the Spanish army, which was only recently honeycombed with Liberalism, which for years repeatedly shed its blood for the Constitution and against Carlist absolutism, now supports a

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Government that has suspended the Constitution and its guaranties? It is a direct result of the Great War and its world-wide consequences.

'Spain was neutral during that war, but profoundly divided between pro-Germans and anti-Germans. For that reason she was not really benefited by her neutrality. Individuals made fortunes, but the country did not profit by their private gains. The unreasoning confidence we had in Germany's rapid recovery cost us more than a billion pesetas swallowed up in the debacle of the mark. An outbreak of terrorist crime in Catalonia resulted in the assassination of three cabinet ministers and many substantial citizens, without the perpetrators being detected. All this exasperated public opinion. None of our political leaders seemed to have backbone. Our Parties rivaled each other in incapacity. Such was the confusion of ideas and programmes that we seemed on the eve of anarchy. That explains the dictatorship.

'Primo de Rivera is a general of fortune, a brave soldier, popular, patriotic, unquestionably animated by good intentions. He started out with a very simple programme. First he suppressed constitutional liberty. Then he tried to run the country by military orders. If he had been able to win a military success in Morocco by this policy we might have resigned ourselves to it. But unfortunately he has not. At home the Government is run as arbitrarily and extravagantly as ever. Abroad we have gained nothing. The rest of the world is puzzled about us and wonders whither we are bound.

'We are governed by a censorship, and that alone explains a great deal. You knew something of a censorship in France during the war. It was justified then. But your experience gives you no inkling of what our peace censorship is like. We are forbidden to publish the names of the soldiers killed in Morocco — no one dies in Morocco according to our papers. We are forbidden even to print news of a fall on the Stock Exchange — the market never falls in the Spanish press. The utmost liberty the censorship permits us is to print without comment the quotations of the day and the day before. Even the King's speeches are censored. The papers were forbidden to print Alfonso's address at Valencia in which he paid a tribute to the patriotism of the men of the former Government, or his speech at Granada in which he said that he would die a constitutional sovereign.

'You will ask, as many others ask: "Can't the King do something? Did n't he himself want this Government?" I do not honestly think he was an accomplice in the *coup d'état*. He may have been imprudent, but if he was he must regret it bitterly to-day. Furthermore, one cannot judge him without knowing his peculiar situation. The King's authority rests on the two organized forces in Spain — the army and the Jesuits. That may cause him to make some blunders. I cannot defend the speeches he has made at the suggestion of Father Torrès, which are most regrettable. But he thinks he is doing his duty. And how can he help himself? If he tried to assert his will, Primo de Rivera would promptly call him to book by showing that the army backs the dictatorship.

'No, the King is a true patriot, and he is popular with the people. Blasco Ibáñez criticizes him for his investments. He cites the Metro scandal at Madrid. That is unfair, for the King's investments have always been dictated by patriotic motives. He took the Metro shares under his wing because no one else would subscribe for them, and he wanted to give the people an example. But he never took free shares. He erred only in appearances.

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'If the King is powerless, what of the Opposition? It is still more helpless. Our political parties in Spain are commanders and general staffs with no troops behind them. We have, to be sure, loyal defenders of the Constitution, but the people at large are terrified by the bogey of Communism. Last of all, — and this is a very serious feature of the situation, — our upper classes are satisfied. I go about a great deal in society. I meet the ladies of the fashionable world and ask them what they think of the condition of the country. Almost without exception they say that it is good. They have their teas, their receptions, their fine gowns. What else do they want? Their husbands are making money, so why change? Ah, good food and a good digestion are terrible dangers for an old aristocracy!

'Outside the Conservative Party what do you find? The Liberals and the Reformists are in the same situation as ourselves. The Republicans do not count. The Socialist Party, which belongs to the Second, or Conservative, International, is in cahoots with the Government and has agreed that there shall be no strikes or violent demonstrations. That is a curious feature of the situation. Moreover, the Socialists have only nine thousand registered members in Madrid.

'What other organs of public opinion are there? The army officers and the clergy. Now the army is in the saddle. The generals and high officials of the Directory like their jobs. They have good salaries, official automobiles, and all the perquisites of office. The rest of the service sees no point in making a change. A majority of the clergy stand with the Government, whatever it is. Consequently, although the Directory is condemned by the best opinion in Spain, it is not seriously threatened. Our press cannot raise its voice. The part of our public that reads newspapers at all reads them less since the Directory has been in power. But this does not mean much, because only one Spaniard in twenty reads the newspapers anyway, and the total newspaper circulation of our country does not equal that of the *Petit Parisien* alone. We are not seriously harmed by being deprived of a press liberty that we never utilized.

'After all, this is a matter of climate, temperament, and circumstances. After a long experience in public affairs I have come at last to ask myself if my country is ripe for parliamentary institutions. One of the authors of our Constitution observed: "The first five hundred years will be the hardest." Perhaps he hit the nail on the head. They relate that when King Ferdinand VII returned to Madrid after he had overthrown the Constitution that he had sworn solemnly to obey, and had suppressed the liberties of the people, the rejoicing crowd hailed him with shouts of "Long live our chains!"'

I discussed with a distinguished Liberal General Primo de Rivera's speech at Jeres in which he announced his new Morocco policy of withdrawing to an easily defended line. My friend interrupted me to insist that Spain's position in Morocco, far from having improved as the Chief of the Directory asserted, had been rendered worse, for the announced retirement had only encouraged the Moors. 'We are placed under the necessity of keeping a hundred thousand men in Morocco, although public opinion demands complete evacuation. After seeing our incomprehensible reverses, after this conspicuous example of our inability to colonize and organize Morocco, the nation does not want a new line of defense, but complete withdrawal from that territory. Spain can live happily and prosperously within her own fron-

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tiers. Our home country needs all the capital we have for its development. . .

'But at present we can neither say nor write anything on this question. Men are persecuted for any free expression of opinion. General Berenguer has been interned in a fortress for attending a banquet where civilians suspected of dissatisfaction with the Directory were present. General Cavalcanti has been virtually exiled for speaking too frankly. Former ministers are kept under close surveillance. The messenger of Count Romanonès, who has been Premier several times, was subjected to an inquisition. The Count's house has been searched. He has been attacked in *A.B.C.* and forbidden to print a reply. You can understand now why, although we are Monarchists, we cannot attend the celebration in honor of the King, because we are unwilling to associate ourselves with the men who are running it.'

I visited Party leaders of every complexion. After seeing the Conservatives and the Liberals, who alternated in office like clockwork when Spain was under a constitutional régime, I interviewed members of the Reform Party, who are strong supporters of the monarchy but demand changes in the Constitution; Republicans, who condemn the dictatorship but put up with it better than some of the others; and Socialists and Syndicalists, who are working harmoniously with the Directory on the condition that they shall not engage in manifestoes and strikes.

A striking fact in all these interviews was that every prominent man in civil life, no matter what his Party, agreed that there was no hope for Spain except from the army. As in some South American countries, the army is looked upon as the natural instrument for making political changes. That explains why the politicians of the old régime, who it is true keep their ear to the ground, do so to hear, not what the masses are saying, but what the army is saying. It explains likewise why the army absorbs nearly one half the total cost of government.

In Madrid they say: 'General Primo de Rivera is riding a bicycle; as long as he pedals he won't fall off, but the minute he stops he will get a tumble.' This, I think, pretty well expresses the feeling of the people. But there is another factor in the situation — General Novillas, President of the Infantry Juntas and Secretary-General of the Directory. He is the interesting enigma in Spain to-day — the man whom people mention with lowered voice.

A professional army man, of pleasing appearance, but with no special service to distinguish him in his military career, I should rate him a desk soldier. But he is President of the Infantry Juntas. Everyone knows what they are — a highly organized trade-union of army officers and noncommissioned officers formed to defend the rights and privileges of the army. They call themselves defense committees. There is one group for the cavalry, another for the artillery; but both of these are opposed to the infantry juntas, which have always taken the lead in political agitation and have been mixed up in most Government intrigues of the last few years. Theoretically they were dissolved in 1917. How they came to life again is a mystery that I shall not try to elucidate. General Novillas did not oppose Primo de Rivera's coup d'état at Barcelona. Whether he approved of it no one knows; but in any case he became Secretary-General of the Directory, installed himself in an office next to that of the President; and there he stays. During all that has happened in the course of the last sixteen months he has preserved an optimistic, imperturbable calm. He seldom

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opens his lips for the profane. When he does so, it is generally to say that something will not happen which everybody thinks will happen; and he is always right. When General Cavalcanti, who is rather too talkative for an army officer, was quietly pigeonholed abroad, and Madrid prophesied that the King would be furious, Novillas merely shrugged his shoulders. He always has the last word. More silent than Primo de Rivera, less affable than Admiral de Magaz, closer-mouthed than Don Severiano Martinez Anido, it looks as if he were the real ruler of Spain to-day, but does not wish it known.

One evening at Madrid a commander of the Morocco Legion unbosomed himself to me. He was a well-known officer, very popular at the front. Utterly wearied with his fruitless efforts to get a hearing from the authorities in behalf of his comrades in Morocco, he was in a mood to speak frankly. We met through a mutual friend who is a prominent authority on military matters.

This officer described the army in Morocco as discouraged and without faith in its commanders or the Government. The common soldiers fought well. 'During the last encounters small advance-posts have held out with magnificent courage until cut off to the last man. But what do individual bravery and the best-organized system of defense amount to when there is nothing back of them — no competent staff, no plan, no liaison, no supply service? Conditions in Morocco have been and still remain chaotic beyond description. That is the sole explanation for the disasters that have befallen a modern army of a hundred thousand men fighting against a few thousand Morocco mountaineers armed only with rifles and machine-guns, and a few cannon and shells of which they do not even know how to adjust the fuses.'

Even Primo de Rivera, according to this officer, was shocked by the conditions he found at Tetuan when he recently visited Morocco. I asked how such a situation could exist. My informant answered: 'To understand that you must know the Spanish army. It is not a national army but a caste, whose officers are recruited among young men predestined for their career and educated first in Jesuit schools and later in military academies, where the courses are two hundred years behind the times and poorly taught at that. These institutions inculcate love of country and pride in being Spaniards, but they do not prepare young men for modern warfare or to lead soldiers. Many of the young officers regard the Morocco campaign as a crusade. Others take no interest in their profession but busy themselves making money. They become agents of firms selling oil, soap, or other merchandise. Frequently they display the most astounding ignorance. Incredible instances of this are common gossip. The military juntas encourage such intellectual indolence and professional apathy. What good does it do an officer to study his profession when his promotion is decided by a trade-union whose members are intent only on keeping their soft berths and privileges? For the juntas are syndicates of slackers, who make law for the men fighting at the front. We must add to all this the privileged status of the army that renders it immune to criticism, the political intrigues in which it is constantly involved, and the reactionary and uncompromising political bigotry of a young generation that has been trained from the cradle to regard anything modern or liberal as anathema.'

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RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

BY SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON

From the *Sunday Times, January* 18, 25, *February* 1
(London Independent Weekly)

It was Rossetti who, on seeing some efforts of mine in oil color at my father's house, advised him to let me take up painting; and eventually, at the age of sixteen, I was sent to Heatherley's in Newman Street, to draw from the antique, to the end that I might compete for a studentship at the Royal Academy. In the course of about a year my drawings were accepted, and I became a student at the R. A., and had the advantage of the best training in art that England could afford.

At Heatherley's I made several lasting friendships — Mrs. Jopling Rowe (then Mrs. Romer), Percy Macquoid, Nettleship (the animal painter), Yeats, the father of the poet, and another, my special friend, a strange and most original character, who was very anxious to become an Academy student. He sent in his drawings several times, but they were never passed. He maintained there was only one great musical composer, and he was Handel, and only one great poet, and he was Shakespeare, and jokingly declared he played and read these only. He was a shy man and hated social gatherings. He always wore rough homespun and thick boots, and his hair and beard were cut quite close. The face was short, and the complexion ruddy. The eyes could snap and sparkle, and they could beam with sympathy. His voice was sweet and low, his laugh quite infectious, and those few who knew him loved the man. Any of them who may read my very bald picture of him will nevertheless jump at my dear friend's name. It was Samuel Butler.

We used to adjourn for a midday meal at an ordinary over a public-house called the Horseshoe, at the corner of Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road. The meal cost tenpence, or one-and-twopence at the most. One day he handed me a small volume, saying, 'Here is a book I have written — my first, just out; I should like your father to read it.' I was much surprised, having no idea he had any literary ambition, as he was so keen on painting. The book was *Erewhon*, and my father and mother were carried away by it, and asked many questions about my friend, whom they had not met. To my delight I was able to say to him a day or two after: 'Sam, my people say you are a great writer!' We had quite a banquet that day!

These happy daily hobnobs with this philosopher, artist, and literary giant happened over fifty years ago, and very slowly, year by year since, has his name crept up into the minds of men. He was before his time, and only within the last few years has he come by his own, thanks mainly to Festing Jones, Bernard Shaw, and a few other literary men who were long ago alive to his greatness and lovingly nursed the flame of his genius.

After three happy years at the Academy Schools, the force of circumstances led me to the stage. Though I had a great love of the theatre, it was no wish of mine to become an actor, but I was the eldest

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of a large family, and it was time for me to get out of the nest and make my own living. W. G. Wills, the dramatist, who had seen me act as a boy, came one day to the house with a proposal that I should take a part about to become vacant in his play then running at the old Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street, called *Mary Queen o' Scots*, in which the beautiful Mrs. Rousby and her husband were acting. The part I had to play was that of the 'juvenile lead,' Chastelard, the lover of Mary Stuart.

There were various stirring scenes, but it was purely a theatrical play, and hardly convincing. John Knox was in evidence, and had violent interviews with Mary, the first one being at her entrance into Edinburgh, in a bright-blue velvet riding-habit on a white horse of comfortable girth. Knox disputed her passage and very properly the juvenile lead put an end to altercations by crying in a loud and declamatory voice: 'Stand aside and let the Queen of Scotland pass!' and poor Knox was made to retire in confusion! Chastelard, however, had some very graceful lines to speak. I did my best, and that best, I am persuaded, was very bad; but my fellow students did not think so, bless them! They were in the pit in battalions, and everything I said and did was received with tumultuous applause, and the play, I was told, never went so well! But my 'claque' did not save the fortunes of *Mary Queen o' Scots*, which was soon withdrawn.

My next engagement brought me in contact with two wonderful people, Charles Reade, the author, and Miss Ellen Terry. Reade was a tall and heavily built man, with a striking and odd appearance, for his clothes hung on him in folds almost, and the trousers were cut very wide. He invariably wore side-spring cloth boots with patent-leather tips, such as old ladies used to wear, and affected a very low-crowned silk hat with a broad brim. He was hot-tempered, with a curious naïve cunning, and was capable of putting on a martyr look which was irresistible when any exhibition of temper failed in its effect, reminding one of a spoiled child. To those he liked he was warmhearted, kind, and sympathetic in the extreme. He once gave me a commission to paint a picture of an incident in one of his books, — I think, *The Rival Queens*, — and bought me some yards of satins and velvets of the colors he wanted my models to wear. I worked very hard at the picture, but, alas! it turned out to be an abominable production!

At rehearsal he was always ready to show the lover how to make love, or the villian how to 'take the corner' in the most effective style. I once saw him teach an actor how to dance the hornpipe! On another occasion he showed the hero how to grapple the villain in the scene of a sinking ship, and actually rolled with him off the ship, over the dusty canvas billows into the trap. The hero was somewhat ruffled, but the old man came up smiling and delighted. The sea in those days was represented by a large piece of canvas painted blue, laid upon the whole of the stage, and shaken by stage hands from the wings. The illusion was hardly convincing, as the drowning men lay quite exposed on the top of the water till they reached, with much struggling, a slit cut in the canvas just above the trap, when they suddenly disappeared.

Prior to this engagement, Charles Reade told me it would be well if I paid my respects to Miss Terry, so I called at her house in Taviton Street, Gordon Square, and was shown into the drawing-room. The floor was covered with straw-colored matting,

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and there was a dado of the same material. Above the dado were white walls, and the hangings were of cretonne, with a fine Japanese pattern in delicate gray-blue. The chairs were of wicker, with cushions like the hangings, and in the centre of the room was a full-sized cast of the Venus of Milo, before which was a small pedestal, holding a little censer from which rose, curling round the Venus, ribbons of blue smoke. The whole effect was what art students of my time would have called 'awfully jolly.'

Presently the door opened, and in floated a vision of loveliness! In a blue kimono and with that wonderful golden hair, she seemed to melt into the surroundings, and appeared almost intangible. This was my first sight of Miss Terry. I was undergoing a sort of inspection, but her manner was so gracious that it soon cleared away my embarrassment. I was afterward shown Master Gordon Craig in his cradle, and Miss Craig, a lively little girl, black-haired, with great inquiring eyes.

Miss Terry as Philippa Chester in *The Wandering Heir* was the very spirit of high comedy, and I wish her later admirers could have seen her in the part. Very few could have done so, as I do not think the play was a financial success, in spite of her bewitching performance.

A few weeks after the tour I had the good fortune to be engaged by Charles Calvert, of the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, to join his stock company. . . .

The time came when Calvert's company was called upon to support Samuel Phelps in beautiful revivals of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Second Part of Henry IV*. In the latter I was cast for Prince Hal. Phelps doubled the parts of Henry IV and Justice Shallow. His change from the imposing King to the little, old, wizened Justice was most striking. During the first rehearsal of the impressive scene between the King and the Prince, Phelps suddenly grunted out, 'Young man, you know nothing about this part; come to my dressing-room tonight at seven o'clock.' I knocked at his door in fear and trembling that night. He was already dressed for Bottom, although there was yet half an hour before he could be wanted on the stage. This was his custom. He went through my part with me, and my eyes were opened to many things, the main one being that though I had worked much at the part I knew precious little about it. All his austere, and indeed almost brutal, manner at rehearsal had vanished, and I found a gentle, kind, and considerate tutor.

Phelps was a most versatile actor. He could ring the changes from tragedy to character parts, and from high comedy to low. I supported him in his Sir Peter Teazle, John Thornbury, Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, the Man of Quality, Bottom, Wolsey, Falstaff, Shylock, Henry IV, Richelieu, Anthony Absolute, and Malvolio, all masterly performances. Many of the prominent actors of London in the seventies had never seen him play, and were inclined to speak of him as old-fashioned and out of date. This I would not allow, and I persuaded a group of them, some five or six, to go and see his Wolsey, and great was my delight when, spying through a hole in the curtain after the farewell scene, I found my friends in the front row of the stalls at a morning performance, evidently deeply moved, as they afterward admitted; nor could they say enough in his praise. There is the good old school and the bad old school, and the former is the best school for any time.

Samuel Phelps's dignity of mind, his high ideals, his pride in his calling, his contempt for wirepullers, left a lasting

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impression which remained with me through all my stage career. The attainments of that career, such as they have been, are due to his influence and teaching. He died in harness, as did Irving, and, strangely enough, both died after playing priests; Wolsey was Phelps's last part. He faltered in his farewell speech to Cromwell, tried to recover, and muttered lines from *Hamlet* and other plays which he had not performed for years, and finally fell into the arms of my brother, Norman Forbes, the Cromwell at the time, who bore him from the stage. Irving's last words were from Tennyson's beautiful creation of *Becket:* 'Into Thy hands, O Lord — into Thy hands!'

In December 1874 John Hollingshead produced at the Gaiety *The Merry Wives of Windsor* with a goodly company, of which I was a humble member. Phelps was the Falstaff, Herman Vezin was Ford, Miss Rose Leclerc and Mrs. John Wood were the two ladies of Windsor, Arthur Cecil was Dr. Caius, and Edward Righton and J. S. Taylor, Maclean and Belford, were of the company, and all were admirable.

For this revival Sullivan wrote some beautiful music, and Swinburne the following verses, which were sung with a cockney accent, alas! by the pretty young lady who played Sweet Anne Page.

Love laid his sleepless head
On a thorny, rosy bed,
And his eyes with grief were red,
And cold his lips as the dead,
And grief and sorrow and scorne
Kept watch by his bed forlorne,
Till the night was overworn,
And the day was merry with dawn.

And joy rose up with the day,
And kissed love's lips as he lay,
And the watchers ghostly and gray
Fled from his pillow away.
And his eyes at the dawn grew bright,
And his face was ruddy with light.
Sorrow may reign for a night,
But day will bring back delight.

None is left of that brilliant company. What kind, genial creatures they all were! Not mentioning Phelps, my particular friend was Arthur Cecil, the best of men. He was then a beginner on the regular stage, recruited from German Reed's company of entertainers, and had been successor to John Parry.

Cecil always carried a little black bag; it never left him. At the club, at dinners, suppers, luncheons, rehearsals, concerts, always the little black bag; and I believe no one ever discovered what he carried in it. To him I owe the friendship of George Meredith. They were great walkers and loved the mountains of Switzerland, and did some climbing in a modest way. Cecil told me that on a certain early morn they were to climb and meet the sunrise. It turned out that Meredith for some reason could not go, and Cecil the next morning burst into his room full of the wonders of the view, the fine morning air, and the climb, which had, however, somewhat damaged his garments. Cecil having finished the account of his adventures, Meredith turned from his desk, looked his friend's somewhat bedraggled figure up and down, and immediately delivered himself of the following: —

The sun it shone upon the crinkled crag.
He clomb it — it left him scarce a rag.
With knees barked blue, and bleeding nether bare,
He boasted he 'd enjoyed the mountain air.

Many years later Cecil and I walked over from Dorking one day to take luncheon with Meredith in his cottage at Box Hill, and received a royal welcome. Before we sat down he went to the wine cellar and returned with a bottle of some favorite wine, which he handled with great care, and standing

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at the table, he delivered himself of an amazing oration on the merits of the wine, just to the two of us. Its color, its aroma, its taste, the beauty of the vine-clad hillside whence it came, the honesty of his wine merchant — all were dwelt upon with romance and humor and great flow of imagery, and then he sat down with a thundering Olympian laugh. Cecil and I were good listeners, and were rewarded. He, too, was a good listener, and when in the mood would draw out of his guests the best they could give. Some have accused him of being dictatorial and wishing to have the lion's share of the talk in general company. Those who charged him with this weakness, or rather strength, were only too glad, I had noticed, to listen attentively. And well they might, for his talk was inspiring. At any rate, in the company of three or four congenial spirits he wore no frills, but was simplicity itself, and indeed rarely could he be got to talk about his own personal matters. Meredith was of medium height, his face clean-cut as a cameo, very French in its character. His hands were delicate and expressive in action, and he had a powerful voice, of which I think he was rather proud.

In August 1879 there was produced at the Lyceum a serious drama called *Zilla, or The Scar on the Wrist*, which I venture to say provoked more laughter than any comedy or farce ever written. How intricate and disjointed the plot was may be gathered from the fact that one of the actors, J. H. Barnes, then known as 'Handsome Jack,' asked me at the third or fourth rehearsal what the play was about. I told him I did not know. This information appeared to give him much relief! The whole company was terribly in earnest, but, on the first night, whatever we said or did was received by pit, gallery, boxes, and stalls with shouts of laughter. One of the characters played by Frank Tyars was supposed to be slain in the middle of the second act, and there the body lay a long time while other matters were toward. At last the dead man had the scene to himself, upon which, to the amazement of the audience, he rose and uttered a fatal line. 'Ha! a light strikes in upon me, I see it all!' 'Do you, b' God?' said a voice from the gallery!

Tom Meade, an admirable and dignified actor under normal conditions, was not very familiar with his lines on this occasion, and, unfortunately, at his first entrance he had to deliver a long soliloquy. He paced the empty stage — a street scene, 'full set,' as I remember; but no ringing tones, so familiar to the Lyceum audiences, were forthcoming. At last he took a three-legged stool from the inn door, carried it down close to the floats, sat on it, shook his forefinger at the audience, and said, 'Here I am!' A hush fell upon the audience, a hush of expectancy, then, after a pause, again came with tragic intensity and increased tremolo, 'Here I am!' Upon which a wag in the gallery cried, 'All right, Tom, we see that; get on.' This familiarity was too much for Meade, who rose from the stool, tucked it under his arm, and with great dignity strode from the stage.

After I had been on the stage about five years I found time, due to long runs, to go back to my first love, painting. I got several commissions for portraits, mainly through the kindness of Millais, who gave me great encouragement. I of course came under the spell of this magnetic man, this child of Nature, and his wonderful art. I have watched him under many conditions — while painting, while instructing students, while casting on the Tay for salmon, with his gun on the hill for

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grouse, on the marshes for duck, and in the woods for pheasant or capercailzie.

Whatever he put his hand to was done with his whole mind concentrated on the subject. His energy and vitality, united to a boyish enthusiasm, were amazing. He could always tire out far younger men than himself. While painting he was on springs all the time. He literally rushed at the canvas, made some correction, then back again several yards from the easel. He seemed longer from the picture than at it, but the work was not slow in growing. He would mutter and blurt out some command to his sitter, generally on the importance of keeping quite still, about which he was adamant. Once he was correcting a portrait which I had begun and taken to his studio, and the sitter, a young lady, was present. 'Ha-ha,' said he, soon after she was seated on the throne, 'Forbes, you don't keep your sitters still enough; you must treat them as if they were being photographed. Do you hear that, young lady? Now then, quite still.' And then the dashing up and down the studio began.

One day I was looking at his picture of the soldier-boy under a tree playing on a fife to some little girls, which he had just finished. He was standing behind me, waiting like an impatient boy for my verdict, when suddenly he seized my arm, dragged me up to the picture, and, pointing to the pursed lips of the boy, said: 'Look, they say I don't take pains. Look at that mouth; I took it out three times, but I 've got it, have n't I?'

Millais told me of a real and graceful compliment paid him by an American who bred horses. When Millais had finished the American's portrait, he was allowed to see it for the first time. There was a long silence while he gazed at the picture — so long, indeed, that the painter got anxious. At last the man said, 'I breed horses, and it is my habit every morning after breakfast to stand at a certain window in my house, and the fillies come galloping up at the sight of me and feed from my hand. When I get that picture home, I shall stand it at that window, and I am very sure the fillies will come galloping up.'

W. S. Gilbert, though the kindest and most generous of men, suffered from a very quick temper. I recall a difference we had during one of the early rehearsals of his play *The Vagabond* at the Olympic. He complained that I was not familiar with the text, and I, in those days also of a quick temper, which years have tamed, answered, I regret to say, in unseemly fashion, to the effect, as I remember, that he had better get someone else to do the part.

Though coming in contact with one another very often, we did not speak for many years. . . . After thirty years, suddenly out of the blue came from him one of the most beautiful letters surely ever one man wrote to another, proposing a reconciliation! I did not succeed in going one better with my answer, but I tried hard, and from that time forth we were fast friends.

W. S. Gilbert was an honored member of The Two Pins Club, which was composed of some half-dozen cronies who rode in the Park a-mornings. Sir Frank Burnand was the president, and gave the club its mysterious title, which naturally perplexed the uninitiated. On one asking to be enlightened as to its meaning, Burnand replied, 'Why, don't you see, we commemorate two celebrated horsemen, Dick Turpin and John Gilpin!' It was to one of the members whose horse was never allowed to break into a trot or a gallop Gilbert gave the warning that if he did not take care

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he would be had up by the police for furious loitering.

It was in the summer of 1880 that I played with Modjeska for the first time under romantic and novel conditions. She and her husband, Count Bozenta Chlapowski, and I, with my sister, were staying at the remote fishing village of Cadgewith, in Cornwall. The rector of St. Ruan hard by urged us to give a performance in aid of his church, and it was decided, as there was no room or hall within miles big enough for such an audience as Modjeska would draw from the countryside, that the performance should be given in the rectory garden, and at night. With the aid of the coastguards, a platform was made, near a running stream, with great trees as a background; and a big lawn gently rising from the brook became the auditorium. We gave some scenes from *Romeo and Juliet*. The lightning came from screened oil-lamps and the lucky help of a full moon. No stage balcony-scene was ever so beautiful. It was full of mystery and charm, and Modjeska seemed to be inspired by the beauty and novelty of the surroundings. The big audience sat enraptured.

Later on she appeared as Juliet under Wilson Barrett's management at the Court Theatre, and I was again her Romeo. She was indeed an inspiring Juliet, full of grace and charm and fire — the best I have ever seen.

In the early eighties I saw much of James McNeill Whistler. I first met him at George Boughton's studio, his great friend and compatriot. The stiff aigrette of gray hair, so familiar in later days, was then a soft wavy lock, lying very conspicuously, but flowing with the rest of his then black curly hair. He was hard up in those days, though the fact never seemed to dash his irresponsible and buoyant spirits, nor did it prevent him giving hospitality to his friends.

At one of his celebrated breakfasts I remember there was at the time in the house in Tite Street a man in possession. Whistler had taught him to wait at table, which he did admirably, and during his protracted stay became devoted to the man whose goods and chattels he was set to watch over. Whistler told me that he had come to him one day, with tears in his eyes, saying: 'Oh, sir, I hope you will keep me on as your servant; I long to quit my fearful calling!' Bills of a coming sale flanked the front door, and wind and rain had caused them to be partly detached from the wall. Whistler told the bailiff that he had no objection to the bills in themselves, but that they really must be kept tidy, and that he must paste the flying corners down, which the man at once did!

He frequented the Beefsteak Club a great deal, and was the delight of the many brilliant members, but of all the good things that were said, the jests, the sallies, no one ever got the whip hand of him. He was always master and capped the best of their quips. On only one occasion do I remember him being 'graveled for lack of matter,' and that was when a newspaper reporter stated in the press that 'Whistler and Oscar Wilde were seen on the Brighton front, talking as usual about themselves.' Whistler sent the paragraph to Wilde, with a brief note saying: 'I wish these reporters would be accurate; if you remember, Oscar, we were talking about me.' Wilde sent him a telegram saying: 'It is true, Jimmie, we were talking about you, but I was thinking of myself!' But Whistler got his revenge, for some time after he was bidden to Oscar Wilde's wedding, who, as the service was about to begin, received a telegram from him, saying: 'Am detained, don't wait.'

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FROM THE SAHARA TO THE SEA. I

BY HENRI DE KERILLIS

From *L'Écho de Paris, January* 29, *February* 1, 3, 6
(CLERICAL DAILY)

WHEN I awoke on the morning of November 25 at Bourem, a hum of women's voices outside the *bordj* quickly reminded me that we had left the solitude, the silence, — and the marvelous dawns, — of the desert. Hastening to the gate of the enclosure, I witnessed a curious spectacle. All the Negro women of the neighborhood had come to greet the Marshal. According to their custom, they stood in two long ranks, chanting a monotonous melody while they simultaneously clapped their hands and swayed their bodies forward and backward as if making deep bows. Most of them had donned their gayest waistcloths for the occasion. Their eyes were dyed with indigo, and they wore the high headdress of their tribe — a tall crest of corkscrew curls stiffened with butter and ornamented with bits of coral, amber, and copper. Pot-bellied children, innocent of any clothing whatever, ran hither and thither around them. Now and then one of the women would interrupt her singing, stick her red tongue out between her lips, and emit a strident 'you-you' interrupted by sharp shrieks — the war-cry of her people.

They kept this up the entire morning. When we left at midday, under a broiling sun, they were still singing and still swaying like mad women.

We followed the road to Gao, which hugs the north bank of the Niger. It is a curious fact that the neighborhood of this great river did not produce any change in the flora. The giant stream flows through a yellow, withered, arid bush precisely like that which extends almost to the heart of the Sahara, except where its marshy borders are green with water-plants and reedy swamps. Not a single tree stands on its banks to break with its shade the eternal monotony of the stream's sun-bathed metallic surface.

As we proceeded southward, however, thousands of birds — wild duck and waterfowl of all kinds, waders, ibises, herons, and great storks — rose in panic at the approach of our machines and flew over the water, circling in clouds around the great, bald-headed vultures poised in the air above. Wild animals also multiplied. Kongas, hares, long-tailed rats resembling squirrels, a kind of martin, and wild cats scurried away as we drew near; while gazelles fled in multitudes from the sound of our motors. Gray wart-hogs lunged grunting toward the marshy river-banks. Later, when darkness descends, it will be the hour of the lions. All the bush knows this, and they will be alone. First they will drink, then they will return to cover to pursue their bloody night-work.

At this point the desert begins to be populated. We passed several Negroes along the way, naked or nearly naked, with their assagais in their hands. Most of them were herdsmen guarding flocks of goats and of humpbacked cattle that graze on the meagre herbage. The cattle would crowd angrily around our machines and then stampede in a panic, making the ground tremble under their hoofs. We likewise

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passed a few small caravans of Tuaregs, camels, donkeys, and slaves. Here and there black heads would pop out of the bushes at the noise of our motors. We would hear distant calling, and men and children as lithe and agile as wild animals would run after us. Those who were too far away would hasten to the nearest elevation to catch a glimpse of us as we passed. When we burst into view, they would perform the most extraordinary contortions and antics to express their pleasure.

Yet we seldom saw a human habitation, although we were traversing what once was a flourishing and densely settled country. In fact, we were in the very heart of the ancient Songhoi Empire, the largest and the most powerful native State that ever existed in Africa. During its golden age, in the sixteenth century, the Songhoi ruled all the lower valley of the Niger, Timbuktu, the southern Sahara, Massina, and several other native kingdoms. Their dominions extended to Galamo, to the salt mines of Theggaza in the heart of the Sahara, to Lake Chad, and to the ocean. To go from one of their frontiers to another took seven months' traveling. The Arabs of Mecca and the Moors of Morocco sent ambassadors and presents to their sultans. Their theologians, their Marabouts, their jurists, and their wise men had intercourse with Egypt, Algeria, Ghadames, and Morocco.

The Empire's prestige was formidable; but civil wars, the savage debauchery of its rulers, and ruthless massacres rapidly undermined the nation's strength, and its brief glory ended with a suddenness unparalleled in history. A Spanish adventurer, a renegade in the service of the Moors, undertook to dethrone its ruler. He marched across the Sahara with only three thousand soldiers, two thirds of whom died of thirst and fatigue upon the march. Near the Niger the little expedition, reduced to a thousand exhausted men, met the hosts of the Songhoi, whose army is variously reported to have numbered from thirty thousand to one hundred thousand infantry and twelve thousand cavalry, besides vast herds of wild cattle, which the Songhoi generals were accustomed to stampede against their enemies.

But when the troops came into contact a remarkable incident occurred. The Spaniards had firearms, and their effect was prodigious. The wild cattle stampeded back against their drivers, and the Songhoi regiments were seized with panic. A horrible butchery ensued. The chiefs were slaughtered. Aski, the Sultan, was assassinated by his own guards. Thus on a sunny April day in 1591 a few puffs of powder blew away an empire more extensive territorially than that of Charlemagne or Alexander. Timbuktu, Gao, Walata, and Jenne became Moorish colonies. Pashas appointed by the Sultan of Morocco ruled the country much as our colonial governors now administer it. Nominally this lasted seventy years, but actually no more than a quarter of a century; for the pashas quickly threw off the authority of their distant sovereign, and began to fight each other. Thereafter anarchy and successive invasions depopulated the land and left it the desert that Major Joffre found in 1904 when he led our forces into Timbuktu.

A fine, broad bend in the Niger, wide prairies of reedy green, a few isolated trees in the distance, rounded gray excrescences standing out on the brown soil that prove to be the camel-skin tents of the nomad Tuaregs, two or three long, rectangular buildings with flat roofs surrounded by crenelated ramparts, thatched native huts, a hodgepodge of excited people, gray donkeys, and stray dogs — that is Gao.

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It was five o'clock in the afternoon when we sighted it. The sun was sinking rapidly toward the great expanse of bush beyond the river, flooding the sand and water with faint, melancholy, pink and violent hues.

Our Renaults proceeded slowly in single file, the Marshal's car leading the procession, with his silk pennon flapping its gold fringe in the wind. We had tidied up a bit for the occasion. At least, I discarded my sandals for my old aviator's laced boots, which had imposed so on the black men of the desert. We were all in our shirt sleeves on account of the heat, but since reaching Bourem we had had plenty of water and our faces were comparatively clean. A swarm of pickaninnies trotted on either side and behind our cars. They did not shout, or laugh, or express emotion in any other way — they merely ran and choked in the dust. Eventually we came to a great barren parade-ground where a long line of scouts stood rigid at 'present arms.' Behind them seethed a shouting, gesticulating mob, excited by the din of drums and tom-toms.

We descried a group of gentlemen in civilized clothing and white helmets. One or two officers were among them, but the first to advance and greet the Marshal were civilians. We had now left our military zone and were under the jurisdiction of our colonial administration. Two courteous officials, the Administrator and his assistant, accompanied by a physician, a teacher, and a little escort of native bailiffs and constables, now rule peaceably in the ancient capital of the great Songhoi Empire.

We rested two days at Gao, during which I spent most of my time in the native market. That is the best place — indeed the only place — to study these people off parade. This is particularly true of the women; for only at market do they cease to be slaves, burden-bearers, treadmill drudges. Gao's market occupies a large square shaded by a few acacia trees. Most of the sellers sit on the ground under two long, narrow, very low thatched sheds that enclose two sides of this square. Their merchandise is displayed around them in tiny quantities, mostly in baskets or on coarse mats. I observed little balls of butter patted into shape by dirty hands, priced at two cents apiece; salt fish from the Niger; bars of salt brought by toiling caravans from the Taoudeni in the Sahara — for which so many bloody wars have been fought; baskets of kola nut, chewed as a stimulant; other baskets of hot peppers and *sumbala* kernels; basins of curdled milk; tiny agates and other polished stones gathered from old Songhoi tombs; amulets to protect the wearer against evil eye, snake-bites, and sickness; gold-dust, jade earrings, gun-flints, switches of buttered hair cut from the heads of dead Negresses, copper and silver rings, ointments, iron lance-heads, waistcloths, pieces of Manchester goods, fragments of colored glass, the blown shells of ostrich eggs; mats; and other articles innumerable, all more or less greasy and disgusting and redolent of the effluvia of the Negro. . . .

While our mechanics were reconditioning two of our motor-cars we made a trip in the third to the tomb of a Songhoi emperor — an enormous pyramid of earth under which lies buried Mohammed Taure, the usurper and founder of the dynasty. Time and weather are slowly reducing it to a shapeless mound, but the medicine-men prophesy dire evil to whomsoever ventures to repair it. We also made excursions on the river in canoes built of planks laced together, and loafed under an avenue of dwarf acacia trees near the waterside, watching the Negresses

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bathe their pickaninnies and the water-carriers coming to fill their jars.

At 6 A. M. on November 28 we left for the south. This was the bird stage of our journey. I never before saw so many birds. I never imagined there were so many in the entire world as there are between Gao and Niamey on the banks of the Niger. This is their kingdom. The reed-beds, the rushes, the green fringe of vegetation that borders the river, the bush, every clump of mimosas, harbored hundreds of them. Sometimes when they took sudden flight, affrighted by our approaching motors, they actually concealed the sun. The little trees scattered here and there at rare intervals seemed from a distance to hang heavy with bright-colored blossoms; but suddenly these blossoms would take flight on winged petals. Huge waders, pink ibises, trumpet-birds with snakes in their beaks, herons of every variety, would rise in the air to join the great fishing eagles already soaring there. White egrets and snowy pelicans would sweep smoothly away in dazzling flocks. Blue-black crows, Egyptian vultures, kingfishers, and thousands upon thousands of gray wild duck and other waterfowl, filled the air and water; clouds of smaller birds like finches, yellow, green, and every vivid color, darted like butterflies through the sunshine, and great stately storks wheeled toward the north as if departing on distant voyages. This continued all day except for a few hours in the early afternoon when the heat was so intense that every living thing hugged the shade.

We passed through a few villages capped by tall roofs of thatch. Long before our arrival the alarm would be given. The village musicians, with their oval drums, their zebu-horn trumpets, their wooden flutes, their little single-stringed, serpent-skin guitars, and their tom-toms, were ready to receive us. We would stop a few moments, during which the tumult would reach a climax, which subsided somewhat after we left but continued until we passed out of hearing.

Toward midday we reached Ansongo, where the Administrator, who had been notified of our coming by telegraph, had improvised a delightful little reception and luncheon for us in his palm grove on the edge of the river. It was stifling hot when we resumed our journey. We were bathed in perspiration, and suffered intensely from prickly heat. . . .

But all this was forgotten that evening when we dined *al fresco* under an avenue of trees with the Administrator at Tillabery. That gentleman's residence overlooks the Niger from a high elevation. The light of the rising moon, broken by the neighboring foliage, fell in grotesque patterns upon the silvery surface of the water below. The black shadows around us were dimly illumined at intervals by tiny points of phosphorescent light. Gradually the sky grew clearer. The surrounding darkness faded into a sombre blue verging on gray, through which we caught glimpses of the swift passage of night birds and innumerable bats. The jungle became vocal. And as the moon rose higher, drums and tom-toms began to beat and all Africa began to dance.

We left long before dawn, but the sun had hardly risen when the heat again became oppressive. The hot breeze raised by our motor-cars struck our cheeks like the blast from a furnace. We wore our helmets even under the tops of our cars, for a single ray of sun shining through a rent in the cover — or through an aperture in the roof of a hut — and striking a man directly on the head will kill him or make him delirious in a few minutes. My companion in the car, Major Ihler, even stopped telling funny stories and

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munching bonbons — proof irrefragable of intense discomfort. For my part, I hesitated to make the slightest movement, but sat in a sort of stupor, missing, to my keen regret, all the vivid impressions of this portion of the trip.

Toward eleven o'clock we reached Niamey, a charming little town. Twenty years ago only a few native huts stood on the high cliff that commands the Niger at this point. Now the settlement contains several Government buildings, a schoolhouse, the handsome residence of the Administrator, and a large native town, regularly laid out in pleasant avenues. The population is extremely mixed, as it is everywhere in this part of Africa. I distinguished members of six or seven different tribes. I do not believe, however, that there is any part of Africa where the people are homogeneous. Wars, migrations, slave raids, and the innate restlessness of the natives, have made the continent a confused mosaic of varied tongues and customs. Oftentimes the residents of closely adjoining villages speak different languages, have different customs, and are mortal enemies.

Niamey fêted us under its broiling sun. A great crowd had assembled around the residence of the Administrator. Drums were beating, women were dancing, warriors were standing under arms. There were Djerma archers with quivers of poisoned arrows hanging across their shoulders and long bows held proudly in their hands. There were spear-throwers and horsemen. Some of the Songhoi had donned their battle armor — a padded costume that covers them from head to foot. Immediately after a reception during which the Administrator introduced to the Marshal the local native chiefs and dignitaries and soldiers who had served in the World War — a few of the latter who remembered him from Saloniki greeted him with immense joy — we dined with the Administrator and with the Governor of the Niger Territory and his wife. This lady was the second Frenchwoman whom we had seen since leaving for our trip. My notebook does not record details of this dinner, but I recall that it was one of the most sumptuous of our journey — a score of hors d'œuvres, six or eight main courses, two or three entremets, and ten desserts, washed down with Bordeaux, Burgundy, and champagne.

Early on November 29 we left Niamey. The climate kept getting hotter. The soil was no longer sandy but a reddish clay. Vegetation was growing more luxuriant. The scrubby bush was replaced by groves of small erect trees, spaced some distance apart, that gave the country the appearance of a vast orchard without fruit. Giant, soft-wooded cotton trees, whose bark overlapped in folds as if their trunks were draped with gray cloth, and tall baobabs whose thick branches were as rigid as steel, appeared at intervals, like isolated sentinels of the great Afric forest farther south.

Vultures soared away and families of monkeys fled before the sound of our approaching motor-cars. All along the route were great ant-hills, built by the white ants. Some were larger than the native huts; most were taller than a man. Each of them, whether supported by a tree-trunk or erected in an open space, was made of earth cemented together until it was hard enough to defy the beaks of birds, the natives' iron lanceheads, and even the violence of the winter tempests. Their interior contains a wonderful system of galleries connecting with large chambers that serve as places of assembly, granaries, and royal apartments; and millions of disciplined, industrious insects inhabit these marvelous cities.

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We first stopped at Birni, a Negro village, where the closely ranked huts were surrounded by walls of plaited straw. As usual, everyone was on the *qui vive* for our arrival. Tom-toms were beating and dancers performing their contortions. A mob of excited, stupid, shouting, perspiring people blocked our way and crowded close to our cars on every side.

'We are going to Dosso. Which is the road?'

No one understood a word. The sea of woolly heads was more violently agitated than ever, and every wide-open mouth emitted roars of laughter. Suddenly we heard a piercing cry. A woman pushed through the compact mass of people, who slowly made way for her. She arrived in our presence breathless, panting, choking, and proved to be the former wife of a native soldier who had subsequently divorced her. During her 'connection with the service' she had followed her warrior husband to Dakar, where she had learned a few words of French. Now she was going to demonstrate her talents. But for a moment gratification and joy fairly choked her. Her dilated eyes rolled from Gaston Gradis to the Marshal and back again, and at last settled upon the Marshal. Approaching closer, she managed to gasp: 'How's your wife?'

The Marshal smiled and gave the lady the latest news from Madame d'Esperey. Thereupon the triumphant Negress became calmer and volunteered to show us the road. I leaned out of the machine to look behind us. Some of the men were prostrating themselves and kissing the earth; others, in an ecstasy of excitement, were extending their arms toward Heaven. The tom-toms and the chanting were resumed. People gesticulated, grimaced, danced. An old woman was jumping up and down in the same place with her feet close together and an infant bobbing on her back.

We reached Dosso, the capital of the Djermas. The people here have a king, Saïdou, who is one of the ablest native rulers in Africa, and a loyal friend of France. He advanced to greet the Marshal, followed by a group of handsome horsemen of his guard. In their company he had traveled at a gallop nearly ninety miles during the previous day and night, returning from a royal tour, in order to be at Dosso in time to welcome us.

We exchanged ceremonial visits. Saïdou came in great state, accompanied by his ministers, to the residence of the Administrator, and the Marshal, accompanied by the Administrator, made a formal return call at the Palace.

During our stop here we were greatly interested by an odd individual who persistently followed us wherever we went. On his head he wore the skin of a bird with a long neck and an immense beak. He would sometimes crawl, sometimes run, sometimes stop and indulge in queer gestures and mimicry, the significance of which we did not at first understand. Eventually we learned that he was a medicine-man bustard-hunter, who was exhibiting his skill for our entertainment. Bustard-hunting brings into play those remarkable gifts of observation and mimicry possessed by the Negroes, which enable them to detect and copy every little trait and peculiarity of a wild thing — or, for that matter, of a human being. Many a time I have seen the blacks pick out and imitate with disconcerting acuteness and perfection our own little oddities of manner and appearance. These also suggested to them expressive nicknames for us. The method of catching bustards is based upon this close study of their character and habits. They are among the largest birds

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that live in the jungle, and are extremely timid. But another bird, the hornbill, is more timid still. Indeed, it is perhaps the shyest inhabitant of the bush. Now the bustard knows this peculiarity of the hornbill, and so whenever he sees one in the thickets he joins it and, trusting in its vigilance for his safety, ceases to be on his guard. The hunters know this trait, and accommodate their methods to it. They deceive the bustards by making them think there is a hornbill in the vicinity. They wear a stuffed hornbill on their heads and learn, by long practice, to mimic perfectly its voice and motions. Equipped with this disguise and this accomplishment, they hide themselves in the bushes, allowing only the stuffed bird to appear in sight, and imitate the hornbill's cry. Soon trusting bustards gather around and are snared or shot with arrows by the hunter.

We dined on bustard at the residence of the Administrator, and found it exquisite.

THE NIGHT

BY ELEANOR FARJEON

[*Public Opinion*]

THE night will never stay,
The night will still go by,
Though with a million stars
You pin it to the sky;
Though you bind it with the blowing wind
And buckle it with the moon,
The night will slip away
Like sorrow or a tune.

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A CLIENT OF MINE

LORD BIRKENHEAD

From the *London Magazine, January*
(POPULAR MONTHLY)

IT will be many years before Dr. Crippen, whose trial was the great criminal sensation of 1910, will be forgotten. His crime was remarkable in many ways. It seems incredible that the little insignificant man should have been capable of such an unusually callous, calculated, and cold-blooded murder. It is not very surprising to find him using hyoscine, a poison new to the annals of crime, for he was a medical man. The systematic mutilation of the body, too, rendered the crime particularly beastly, and it is a curious circumstance that both Crippen and Mahon managed to dispose of the same organs, though one organ, the head, is particularly difficult to destroy. The method of mutilation and destruction shows that Crippen was skillful, but that Mahon was a miscalculator. Unlike the medical man, he had no conception of the magnitude of his task.

The most surprising feature of Crippen's case is that but for his senseless flight the crime might never have come to light, and it would have been told of some other criminal that in his case for the first time wireless telegraphy was employed in the apprehension of a fugitive.

The telegraph was first used to secure the apprehension of a criminal when a man named Tawell, who had committed a murder near Slough, had succeeded in boarding a train for Paddington. Before the telegraph system had been installed he would have vanished in the crowd, but unknown to him the police at Slough were able to telegraph his description to Paddington, and on the train's arrival he was arrested. Thus the invention of railways, which facilitated the criminal's escape, was countered by the telegraph, which outstripped him in his flight. The submarine cable was first used in 1864 to capture a murderer named Franz Muller, who had shipped on a steamer bound for America before his guilt had been discovered. As in Crippen's case, the police were able, by taking a fast liner, to outsail the vessel he was on and to meet and arrest him on his arrival. It may also be remembered that a year or two ago a man who was afterward acquitted was arrested at Croydon aerodrome just as he was on the point of leaving England by aeroplane. Bevan got away by aeroplane and eluded capture for months, until he was run to earth at Vienna.

My own part in the proceedings had nothing to do with Crippen. I was retained to defend his unfortunate companion, Ethel Le Neve, who was charged with complicity in his crime. In order to give a clear idea of her trial and triumphant acquittal it is, however, necessary to tell the story of Crippen's crime.

It was the outcome of the old familiar matrimonial tragedy of the eternal triangle.

The little man was nearly fifty. He had qualified in medicine in the States, and in 1900 had come to London to assist a firm of patent-medicine vendors. During the ten years that followed he made the round of the patent-medi-

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cine firms, one of which, the Drouet Institute, had in their employment a young girl, Ethel Le Neve, as a typist. She was under Crippen, and their association continued even when they were not in the same employment.

Crippen was a married man living with his second wife, whom he had married in America. She was half German, half Pole, and her maiden name was Kunegunda Matamotski, though she preferred to be known as Cora Turner at the time of her marriage, and afterward called herself Belle Elmore. Her ambition was to be a music-hall artiste, but she failed dismally, and had to be content with membership in a benevolent association to assist needy artistes. She was a woman of a flamboyant kind, loud in her tastes and extravagant in her personal expenditure, but a parsimonious and untidy housekeeper. Crippen's life with her must have been one long period of discomfort, broken at intervals by outbreaks of violent disturbance.

It is not very surprising that he sought elsewhere the peaceful affection of which his wife was incapable, but for which he longed. He turned to his typist, whom he found an easy victim. She came from the lower-middle classes; Crippen was her superior and in her eyes a man of great education and of position. She was young, a gentle, affectionate girl, not unattractive, though anæmic and liable to neuralgia. She lodged with a Mrs. Jackson, and inspired such mutual love in the mind of this woman that their relations soon ripened into the affection of mother and daughter. Sent out into the world at a tender age, condemned to earn her living in a monotonous avocation and to spend her leisure in drab, uninteresting lodgings, it is not surprising that the opportunity offered by Crippen to this soft, yielding young woman proved a temptation which she could not resist.

By 1907 or 1908 she had become his mistress while remaining his clerk, but to a girl of her ideas there was a dreadful drawback — the union was unlawful. So long as Crippen's wife existed, her relations with him could never be open and honest; and to her respectability was a fetish. At times and seasons she fell ill, and then her position caused her acute anxiety. This worry, and the fact that the wife was entitled to her paramour's society and affection, aggravated her condition, and she was often wretchedly ill.

In 1905 the Crippens had moved to Hilldrop Crescent, a road in North London, where they lived in increasing discomfort. The wife's ambitions had dismally failed, and she scarcely concealed her predilections for other men. By 1910 matters were reaching a crisis. At the beginning of February, Crippen announced that his wife had suddenly gone to America, and shortly afterward he published the news of her death. On the twentieth of that month he went to a dance with Le Neve. It was a function which he knew would be attended by his wife's friends, and they noticed with disfavor that his companion was wearing a brooch belonging to his wife. At this time Crippen gave her a good deal of that lady's clothes and jewelry, some of which she presented to Mrs. Jackson. On March 12, Le Neve took up her abode at Hilldrop Crescent, telling her people that she had become the housekeeper, and there she lived, but for a short holiday with Crippen at Dieppe in March, until July.

Mrs. Crippen's friends were not satisfied and talked the matter over until at last their suspicions grew so grave that they communicated with the police.

Inspector Dew was entrusted with the inquiry and, on July 8, went to Crippen's offices, and afterward searched the house. At the office Crippen had met him with the greatest apparent

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candor. He said his wife had bolted with a man, and the story he had told was a lie to cover up a scandal. At the house Miss Le Neve had received him frankly and placed no obstacle in his way. The inspection revealed nothing suspicious, and the matter would have probably dropped but for the murderer's panic.

On July 11, Dew went to the office to make a trifling inquiry and found the bird flown. His suspicions reawakened. He went to the house, which he found deserted. For two days he searched, and then discovered what proved to be the remains of the wife buried under the brick floor of the cellar.

He at once prepared a case for a warrant, which was issued on the sixteenth, and then came the question: Where were the fugitives? Their description was circulated and a great sensation filled the newspapers.

Dew knew that on July 9 Crippen had disguised Miss Le Neve as a boy and had gone away, but where he did not know. They had, in fact, gone to Rotterdam and Antwerp under the name of Robinson, passing as father and son. On the twentieth they sailed in the S. S. Montrose for Quebec.

The captain was attracted by the unusual caresses of the man for his apparent son, and at once perceived that the boy was a disguised woman. He had read of the missing couple, and communicated by wireless. His ship happened to be fitted with that recent invention, which was still in its infancy. Their identity was quickly established, and the vessel proceeded with the two planning the future, quite unconscious that they had been discovered and that the police were racing across the Atlantic to meet them on arrival. They were arrested, brought back, and committed for trial.

Crippen was tried first. His case lasted a whole week. He was eventually found guilty and sentenced to death on October 22.

The trial had many noteworthy features which did not concern me, as they were not in any way part of my defense of Le Neve. The case will be for a long time the leading authority on the rule that a jury trying a charge of murder must not separate, for a juryman who felt ill was taken by the jury-keeper into the courtyard for fresh air and then returned to his fellows. It was held that there had been no separation of the jury so as to invalidate the trial. The scientific evidence both as to the detection of hyoscine and the identification of the body by a small mark on a tiny piece of skin aroused great interest and controversy. The medico-legal aspect of the evidence is of the greatest importance to all experts and lawyers who may be concerned in similar cases in future.

To complete the story of Dr. Crippen. He appealed, and after the dismissal of his appeal was executed, denying his guilt. His only thought was for Le Neve, and the only time that he broke down was on receiving her telegram of farewell the night before his execution. At his urgent request the letters that he had from her and her photograph were buried with him. He never ceased to declare her innocence and his love for her. In a statement made for publication he said: 'In this farewell letter to the world, written as I face Eternity, I say that Ethel Le Neve has loved me as few women love men, and that her innocence of any crime, save that of yielding to the dictates of the heart, is absolute. To her I pay this last tribute. It is of her that my last thoughts have been. My last prayer will be that God will protect her and keep her safe from harm, and allow her to join me in Eternity. . . . I give my testimony to the absolute innocence of Ethel Le Neve. She put her

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trust in me, and what I asked her to do she did, never doubting. . . .'

And now to return to Miss Le Neve. She had been charged with being an accessory to murder after the fact. For this purpose it is sufficient to explain that this charge would be satisfied by assisting Crippen to escape from justice knowing that he was a murderer. She was tried on October 25, 1910, at the Old Bailey. Lord Alverstone was the presiding judge. Sir Richard Muir led for the prosecution and I led Mr. Barrington-Ward for the defense.

Sir Richard knew that he had not a certain case and, like a wily old campaigner, tried to put me in the position of proving that my client was not guilty. I saw the snare and declined to be caught. It is an elementary rule of English law that the prisoner has to be proved guilty. It is only when the evidence for the prosecution has established a case that the defense is forced to give an explanation. In my opinion the Crown did not prove their charge, and I took my stand accordingly. My attitude was abundantly justified by the summing-up and the verdict.

Sir Richard laid stress on these points. There were guilty relations between the two. About the date of the murder the prisoner, who had been looking ill and troubled, suddenly became very ill in a way which showed that she had been overcome with horror by a sudden shock. She had said that she was feeling her equivocal position, and that she could not bear to think that the wife was living with her lover. This, said Sir Richard, must have been untrue, for the situation had lasted for years. Immediately afterward she recovered her spirits and began to wear the dead woman's jewelry and gave her clothing to Mrs. Jackson. She attended the dance wearing the wife's brooch. She went to live at the house. She fled in disguise. She must have seen the newspapers at Antwerp. The only inference was that she had a guilty knowledge. What explanation had she to offer?

Now immoral life is no proof of complicity in murder, and I was able to establish that the illness so relied upon, in fact, occurred during Mrs. Crippen's lifetime, when she was visiting her friends. The mistake was due to Mrs. Jackson's haziness as to dates, but in cross-examination the fact became clear. I was also able to show that the recovery was about the date of the murder, and that it was due to Crippen having said that his wife had gone. He made this statement everywhere, and it is not wonderful that, with the suggestion of a divorce, Miss Le Neve recovered her spirits at the prospect, not only of regaining respectability, but of acquiring a status in life far above any she had ever enjoyed.

It is inconceivable that Crippen, who was taking the greatest pains to conceal the truth from the world, should have said to her in effect: 'I have murdered my wife. Now come and take her place.' In July, Miss Le Neve had frankly explained her position to Inspector Dew, and had said that she had first heard of Mrs. Crippen's death on her return from Dieppe. This again was the story which Crippen was spreading. Dew was satisfied at the time that she was telling the truth.

Then there was the flight in disguise, but that did not prove and could not prove more than what she knew already. The police were making inquiries. Crippen was morbidly afraid of arrest. He had done nothing, but arrest meant ruin. No jury could be asked to draw the inference that the prisoner knew that Crippen had committed murder and was fleeing to avoid the just punishment of his crime.

Lastly, I dealt with the suggestion that she must have seen the English newspapers at Antwerp. If they were

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available, the prosecution could easily have proved the fact. There was cogent evidence that she had not seen them. At her arrest the captain asked her, not whether she had seen in the newspapers that their flight was discovered and that a warrant was out for murder, but whether she had not seen her father's letter in the newspapers. With her mind directed only to her parents, she replied that she had seen no newspapers since she left London. She had said that she knew nothing of the murder. Dr. Crippen had said so, too. There was no reason why he should entrust his guilty secret to her at the risk of losing her, who was the prize that he hoped to gain. There were many reasons why he should not impart to any living soul a secret which might cost him his life.

I submitted that the case had wholly failed. The judge's summing-up was a fair and judicial statement of the case, but left no doubt as to the verdict, and shortly afterward Miss Le Neve was acquitted by the unhesitating verdict of the jury.

Some readers may say: 'Yes, but all that amounts to is that the evidence was not enough. For all that, she may have known.' That is true within limits. Nevertheless, I am convinced that she was innocent in every sense of the word. I had the advantage of a close study of all the facts and circumstances of the case, including a great deal that was never in evidence. She was a girl whose character for truthfulness had never been questioned. She denied all knowledge of the crime, and I am convinced that she told the truth. I am fortified by the knowledge that those who had charge of her during the weeks that elapsed between her arrival in England and her acquittal share my belief in her innocence.

Frail she was and of ductile temperament, but a criminal never.

I was told that after the trial she left for America. But I never heard of her again.

GERMAN STATESMEN IN ACTION

BY H. W.

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, January* 13, *February* 7
(Swedish Liberal Daily)

I. Herr Stresemann Tells the World

Around a green table in the German Foreign Office the correspondents sit and wait for the Minister, Gustav Stresemann. Almost to a man they have heeded His Excellency's summons. A few of the worst 'Boche' baiters among the Frenchmen are missing, but every Englishman is there. The topic is Cologne, but the Britons are good sports. *Der Aussenminister* wishes to express his opinion — all right, he ought to have his chance, like everyone else. The sons of Albion are loyal listeners.

On the other hand, Herr Stresemann must excuse them if they express their opinions of him while they wait. But

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here he comes on the dot. He must count his minutes; he has enough to keep him busy these strenuous days. He enters with energetic but not elastic steps. His toes point inward. His shoes are obviously too tight. Æsthetically that is displeasing, and as a rule gentlemen wearing tight shoes are not dependable. Herr Stresemann is a fair example.

He makes a quick bow to the correspondents to the right and left, sinks down by the green table, and straightens out his portfolio. Then he begins to speak, — through the nose, as is his wont, — his head cocked to one side and his eyes resting alternately on the ceiling and on the paper in front of him. In a rather tired tone he states as an introduction that the Allies were duty bound to make a decision on the evacuation question before January 10. According to the Treaty of Versailles an extension of the occupation of the Cologne zone was contemplated only in case Germany gravely violated that agreement. Now her pretended noncompliance with the disarmament clause is used as a pretext to postpone evacuation.

'And yet, *meine Herren*, Germany is at the present moment to all practical purposes completely disarmed.'

His words come faster. With thunderous mien his glance sweeps over the assembly. He is now once more the strenuous Stresemann we know on the campaign stump and at the Reichstag sessions, the orator, the spellbinder. I speculate what I should take him to be if I did not know he was the German Minister of Foreign Affairs. There is not a refined trait in his face, not a sign of culture or education, not a trace of humor. Occupation? Probably brewer? Yes, that would about hit it. His collected writings would consist of a report on the beer business in Berlin.

But he surely has the gift of speech. And such a temperament! I suddenly remind myself that this man after all stands head and shoulders above his contemporaries, and has rendered his country great services. Pencils scratch. Everyone listens.

'It simply will not do, gentlemen, to ride roughshod over the few rights left to Germany by the Peace Treaty, which exacts everything from her. Our German party-quarrels over accepting the London Agreement were due to our respective confidence in or distrust of the Allies. I myself stood out against the Opposition when it insisted that the Allies did not intend to fulfill their obligations. But to-day I recognize with deep regret that the Cologne zone will not be evacuated on January 10 and that I did wrong to vote for the Dawes Plan in hope that it would end the policy of sanctions. Yet I do not wish to belittle the Dawes Plan itself. For the German people 1924 was a year of immense relief. Those of you who were here twelve months ago must realize how much the situation has ameliorated. Could I, for instance, have sent a note to the League of Nations a year ago? No, my Party would have torn me to pieces. But this year it was possible.'

Herr Stresemann's head droops, his tempo becomes staccato, his voice almost sobs, all the disappointed hopes of the German people seem to weigh on his shoulders. Is it sincere or mere acting? Or does he feel his ministerial chair tottering? Or is it only his affected liver? His health is not good, yet his pride keeps him going at full speed. He ought to slow down, while there is yet time, but no one dares tell him so!

Recently a French journalist interviewed Herr Stresemann. 'We discussed a number of current political questions,' he wrote, 'and Stresemann

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showed throughout the greatest calm and self-control — that is, until I asked him about the rumor that he intended to retire. His protests against this suggestion were so violent that the chandeliers in the ceiling rattled.'

The Frenchman doubtless would have preferred to write that the chandeliers crashed to the floor, but on the whole his figure gives an excellent characterization of Germany's Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Herr Stresemann now continues more calmly: 'It is remarkable that these sensational discoveries were made at the very last moment. Ah, *meine Herren*, had there been any serious violations, plenty of French newspapers would long ago have raised the alarm. And had there been a systematic obstruction on the part of the German officers, would not our Government have received a sharp reminder long since from the Allies? That such inspection visits were very trying for our German officers can be easily understood abroad. But even though just objections might be raised to exceptional conditions found here and there, to what extent do twenty thousand or even one hundred thousand rifles change the fact that Germany has disarmed for all practical purposes? She cannot even wage a defensive war. We have no artillery, no tanks, no aviation. Other countries have poison-gases; the German soldiers do not even have gas-masks. With her sixty million inhabitants Germany is so disarmed that she could not prevent an invasion from Poland or Czechoslovakia. In view of this situation a few individual lapses appear trivial, and when such a fatal measure as a continuation of the Cologne occupation is based on them it means simply a revival of the sanctions policy.

'By all the gods!' The speaker's depressed tone vanishes. He becomes more and more violent and excited, until he seems grotesque and completely loses his self-control. He literally spurts ire, and thumps the table with his fist like a school principal facing an unruly class. He rages against the icy audience which with professional indifference takes down his remarks — or already puts up its pencils. One almost expects a polite request, 'Please repeat that last sentence.' But the circle of press representatives is quiet. One hears only the scratching of a match as an Englishman relights his pipe. Herr Stresemann thunders: 'It has been intimated that the national militia forms a state within the State, and that General Seeckt could any moment make himself dictator. But what could General Seeckt accomplish with an army of a hundred thousand? And why is there such a chasm between the National Guard and the German people? It is a consequence of the Peace Treaty, which forces us to maintain a mercenary army, instead of a conscripted army to which all social classes would contribute material for soldiers.

'We are also reproached,' he continues, 'with having militarized our police force. What is meant by that I do not know. Perhaps that the traffic constable at the Potsdamer Platz becomes qualified by virtue of his knowledge of strategy acquired there to act as a commanding officer. In a physical sense our police force is trained and equipped like any other, but here in Germany it must, in addition, be prepared to suppress attempts at political revolt. Or perhaps the country should be delivered hands tied to Communistic agitators! Our police is partly kept in barracks. Very true; but in case a few thousand Communists started trouble, should we be left to mobilize the forces of law and order by sending messenger-boys to summon Constable X at

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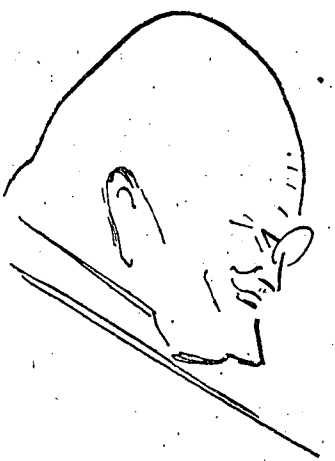
Linienstrasse No. 10, two flights up in the rear?'

Once done with the *Reichswehr* and the *Schutzpolizei*, Herr Stresemann becomes calmer, and closes his remarks quietly but forcibly: 'What the German Government demands, gentlemen, is a discussion of these charges and the publication of the results of the eighteen hundred inspection visits made by the Allied Disarmament Commission, so we can ourselves sift the truth from the falsehood in these accusations. Any violations that might be found we are sure will be too insignificant to justify the retention of foreign troops in the Cologne area beyond the stipulated date.'

The conference is over. It has not been a discussion, an exchange of opinions, but a political stump-speech. One misses the applause. . . .

II. A New Luther

The new Luther is not a great reformer, but if he can make good only part of what he promises he will have shown



Luther

himself to be no faint shadow of his vigorous namesake of four centuries ago.

Outwardly his speech is measured, cautious; inwardly it is bold and self-confident. It is a pleasure to hear him talk, and his audience of journalists listens with tense interest, although in the back of the hall stand long tables heaped with pâté de foie gras, venison steaks, salmon mayonnaise, hundreds of beer-steins and innumerable liqueur glasses waiting to pour their contents into thirsty throats. The new Chancellor has asked for the opportunity of a *gemütlicher Bier-Abend* to become better acquainted with the foreign correspondents in Berlin. We thank our lucky stars for having inspired him to utilize such an opportunity for an address of great political significance — 'lucky,' of course, from a professional point of view. Taken by itself, the occasion — namely, Herriot's Poincaristic outbreak of temper in the Chamber of Deputies — was surely regretted by the great majority of those present.

If the French Premier is a sportsman, he should be glad that the head of the present German Cabinet — whatever else he may have to say about it — is a worthy opponent. Chancellor Luther's speech was calmer, more matter of fact, more moderate, more free from passion and ill-will, than one could have dared expect after the fanfaronade from Quai d'Orsay. Even *Écho de Paris* had to admit that.

And yet, knowing Luther, one would hardly have expected defiant trumpeteering in reply. In wise moderation he is a worthy successor to Wilhelm Marx, and he is not likely to indulge in nationalistic war-cries. He knows very well that no change in Germany's foreign policy is possible at present. His difficulties lie in other fields.

But there is no listlessness in his address. He has too much character and too much tense energy for that. He insists vigorously that all cards be

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laid on the table. Germany is accused, convicted, and punished, but so far no one has thought it necessary to adduce a scrap of evidence to show her guilt. It is said that Germany has not disarmed. 'Our friends must understand,' says Herriot, 'that France cannot feel secure as long as the clangor of arms echoes in her ears from across the German border.'

'It sounds almost like mockery,' replies Luther, 'when that charge is brought against a nation where all government armaments have been abandoned; against a nation whose insignificant army lacks heavy artillery, tanks, and airplanes; whose fortresses are either demolished or antiquated, and 55,000 square kilometres of whose territory have been demilitarized, solely for the sake of its neighbor. I ask M. Herriot if he seriously means that the alleged violations he has mentioned can in the remotest way be interpreted as a threat against the security of France. I ask him whether, on the contrary, he does not realize that a military attack by Germany upon France is under existing conditions unthinkable.'

And he puts a further question to his French colleague: 'Is it his purpose to evacuate the northern zone at the same moment that Germany repairs her neglect of the disarmament requirements which the long-awaited report of the Commission of Military Control is expected to reveal?'

Here perhaps he treads on tender ground, but the next moment he makes amends with a large and good-natured gesture: 'Germany not only sympathizes on principle with France's desire for security, but she seeks that security in her own interest. "Arbitration, security, disarmament" — ladies and gentlemen, this programme proposed by M. Herriot I accept in the name of my own country.'

In form and tone, as well as in content, it is a brilliant address. Only at one point, but a significant one, a quiet smile flits over the faces of the listeners. Luther wonders, 'What cause can foreign countries really have for fearing a reactionary policy from my Cabinet?'

Well . . . ?

The Right, which at the elections of December 7 attacked the Republic under the banner of the old monarchy; the Right, whose press daily, and by the use of the most incredible methods, incites its readers against the present form of government and its representatives; the Right, which declared the acceptance of the Dawes Plan to be a crime and any policy of reconcilation with Germany's late enemies treason — this Right is represented in Luther's Cabinet by at least six ministers.

Truly, bold and self-confident those words, when the head of such a government stands up and openly endorses 'Arbitration, Security, and Disarmament.'

Either Herr Luther does not mean a single word of what he says, or he feels strong enough to dominate his reactionary colleagues; or else the reactionaries are not so reactionary since they have been seated among the ministers. Fire-eaters sometimes calm down considerably when entrusted with the responsibilities and duties of office.

In fact, Herr Luther's policy speech in the Reichstag might quite as well have come from Herr Marx — though it would then have had quite a different reception; and his speech this afternoon might as well have been made by Joseph Wirth. But the new Chancellor, who does not personally belong to any party, has emphasized over and over again, and with great stress, that he, and no one else, is the head of the Government. In his second great address at the Reichstag he declared that he

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personally was responsible for the Cabinet's policy and that he did not intend to let anyone else interfere with the navigation of the ship of State. Those who sat in the vicinity of the Government benches whisper that at this point the man to the right of Luther made a long face. But it is so easy to see wrong! Perhaps Stresemann made only a grimace to conceal an ironical smile.

It was noticed, however, that none of the other ministers, not even Stresemann, said a word during the debate

STRESEMANN

on the Government programme. Luther had chosen to defend it alone. But this may have been part of his political tactics. However that may be, he gives a certain impression of being a *dompteur* — a man of resolute will, determined to make the roaring animals knuckle under, a sort of chancellor-dictator; and if that is the true situation, one can agree with the Communist who interrupted Luther in the Reichstag with the historical Worms remark: '*Mönchlein, Mönchlein, du gehst einen schweren Gang!*' — 'Little Monk, little Monk, you 've a hard road to travel.'

As soon as the pressmen had telegraphed Luther's words to all parts of the world, a raid was made on the German Government's bountiful tables. Luther stuck to his post and conversed with the correspondents until late in the evening. The new press-chief, Dr. Kiep, stood loyally by his captain and made so many introductions that he did not have much chance to eat. Stresemann also dropped in later, wearing a frock coat and looking very impressive. I drew his picture, and he beamed all over his face when he saw the sketch.

Luther personally made an unusually agreeable and reassuring impression. He combines vivacity and vitality with unyielding firmness of will and stiff-necked determination. He unites marked seriousness with a pleasing geniality and the art of winning people — a remarkable combination of qualities. He is not a phrase-maker, to be sure, but rather a worker. It is to his industry, chiefly, that he so far owes his success.

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THE MYSTERIOUS TEMPLE

From *Uhu, November*
(Berlin Popular Monthly)

It was the time of great State examinations. Students of every age came pouring in from every quarter of the Empire to compete, and among them a fine young chap named Ling, from the province of Chekiang. Never had the world beheld a more upright, more industrious youth.

Nanking was so filled with guests that as evening came on Ling wandered out of the city in quest of lodgings somewhere in the suburbs. The sun was already sinking low toward the earth's edge, behind which it was soon to disappear, when he observed an ancient temple a little distance before him. Walking hastily over to it he found, to his astonishment, that it was quite empty. A deadly stillness hung about it, and nowhere was there a priest to bid him welcome. On the temple's northern side lay a pool, now gleaming gold beneath the rays of the setting sun, while on every hand were the most magnificent lotus flowers. Sunk in contemplation of this wondrous prospect, Ling did not observe that a stranger was moving toward him until he heard his greeting: —

'Whence do you come, and what is it that you seek?'

Ling made known his name and his desires, at which the stranger bowed.

'My name is Yen,' said he, 'and for many years I have dwelt alone in this temple which has been abandoned by the priests. I should rejoice to have you dwell awhile with me.'

Ling made up his mind to stay here, and the two men, sitting on the stone bank of the lotus pool, fell into conversation. Ling soon saw that he was talking with a man of virtue and nobility, but he saw, too, the mind of Yen was disturbed and dwelt on topics far from those of other men. He was an old armorer from whose anvil had come many of the best swords in the land, now living alone in the old temple, no longer concerned with this world.

Meantime it had grown dark, and the two men withdrew to their chambers. Ling could see nothing of his new surroundings, but toward midnight his sleep was suddenly broken by the unmistakable voices of women outside his window. Astounded and apprehensive, he glanced out, and in the moonlight saw two horrible hags sitting and chattering as if it were midday. He could even distinguish the words.

'Why does Choa Tsai not come?' said one, to which the other, in a mocking voice, replied: —

'She will soon come, for she never fails anyone.'

Soon Ling saw the exquisite figure of a young girl come from the other side of the pool. It almost seemed to him that she hovered in the air, and he knew she must be of great beauty.

Soon the three women went away, and now Ling could at last find rest and sleep. But to his amazement, at this very moment the door flew open and the same young girl that he had just seen entered.

'What do you want here?' cried Ling, turning angrily toward her.

'To stay with you,' said the girl in a gentle but hollow voice.

Now Ling was a serious young man. Scandalized at such boldness, he would not permit the girl to take a single step nearer, but thrust her out the door. As she went, a glittering gold piece fell

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into his bed. Catching it up, Ling cast it at the girl's feet, crying: —

'I don't want your dirty gold! Get out, you witch!' — The girl fled.

But now Ling's rest was broken. There was no more sleep for him, and he was glad when at length the morning sun sent its first beams into the room. He hurried away to the city, and it was evening before he could inquire of his neighbor the meaning of this nocturnal intrusion. The poor old fellow had seen and heard nothing, however.

Next day a traveling merchant came with his servant and spent the night in the temple. In the morning Ling found to his dismay that the merchant had perished in the night, and when they sought the cause of his death they found a deep wound in the sole of his foot through which all the blood in the body had been drawn away. The faithful servant watched the next night by the dead body of his master, and the next morning he too was found lying dead, from the same cause.

Ling felt profound horror at the thought of staying in this uncanny temple, and made up his mind to seek quarters elsewhere. But as it was necessary for him to stay another night, he went to his room toward evening. To his astonishment, as he stepped inside, he found there the young girl whom he had driven out a night or two before, and who, before he could speak, turned imploringly toward him, saying: —

'Do not drive me out. I will save you, but first I must tell my story.'

Ling sat down upon a chair hesitatingly, and the girl began: —

'My name is Choa Tsai, and I have long been dead. I was eighteen years old when I died. I was buried here before my relatives went away, but this neighborhood is enchanted, and the evil spirits have full power over me. They give me no rest in my grave, and I must rise from the earth each night. Whoever enters this temple I must slay.'

'But how?' exclaimed Ling in horror.

'I have a sharp little dagger with which I stab my victim in the foot. Then the devils come and drink his blood till he is dead. That is their greatest joy.'

Ling stared in dismay at the girl.

'I came to you to kill you, too,' she went on. 'If you had let me stay with you, you would no longer be alive. That poisoned gold alone would have caused your death had you not cast it from you. Now there is no one left, and you must die to-night. The evil spirits will not let you escape, but my heart is troubled. You are so wise and good that you ought to live.'

Trembling with excitement, Ling rose and stood before the girl. 'What shall I do to escape this terrible death?' he said.

'You must sleep in the same room as Yen, for he is a madman, who possesses higher powers than other men. All his life long he has been steadfast and industrious, and his swords help him.'

For a moment Choa Tsai lingered, and Ling sought to thank her; but she began again in a hoarse whisper: —

'Speak not a word to anyone of what I tell you. If I save your life, help me to gain eternal rest.'

'How can I?' inquired Ling, very much puzzled.

'Hear, then. To the north beyond the lotus pool, under the old weeping willow, lies my grave-mound. Go thither at noon, when the sun stands highest in the heaven. Dig up my bones and take them with you. Promise me to bury them again far from this place in better earth.' With the last words the girl disappeared and he heard her voice dying away in the distance. He had followed her story breathlessly, and the maiden's beauty, as well as compassion for her horrible fate, had

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made a deep impression on him. Could it be that Choa Tsai was truly not alive, and could he see her no more?

'Return, return, thou fair apparition!' he cried bitterly, but in vain, for she came no more, and there was no time to lose. Hurrying to Yen, he besought permission to stay the night with him, but the madman was unwilling to consent to anything so unusual. Ling, however, ran into his own room, dragged out his bed, and set it up in the furthermost corner of Yen's room, so that, willing or unwilling, the old armorer had to make room and thrust his little pigskin trunk over to the window. It is easy to understand why Ling never closed his eyes for excitement all night long, though the madman fell asleep at once, and hour after hour went by without event.

But as midnight drew near, Ling became more and more restless. Dark shadows went back and forth by the window, and there was an uncommon rustle in the air, although not a leaf stirred in the trees. It was impossible for Ling to close his eyes, and he stared breathlessly out of the open window. Then a gigantic shadow came flying to the room. Red eyes gleamed terribly at Ling, and from them streamed flames of fire. Suddenly, with a terrible crash, the little trunk opened. A gleaming object flew, swift as lightning, out of the shadows and back again. The next moment everything was dark and deadly still. Sulphur filled the room.

Bathed in sweat and paralyzed with terror, Ling lay upon his bed. He saw Yen, wakened by the noise, leap from his bed and rush to the window. In frantic excitement Ling waited to see what would happen now. But the madman only opened his little trunk peacefully, took out the glistening object, stroked it tenderly, and laid it back again. Ling could see what the object was — a beautifully gleaming sword, and as Yen went back to bed he murmured, 'You would not believe how stupid a devil can be. To think that this one ventured to come so near my sword! You have given him a good sound wound, my darling.' And with these words he lay down to rest again.

At length came the dawn for which he longed, and Ling stepped out of the door to get a breath of strengthening morning air after the terrors of the night. Before the window he saw great drops of dark-red blood. In haste he tied up his bundle and, taking leave of the gently smiling Yen, he hurried back to the city, away from that terrible place. But now the memory of lovely Choa Tsai filled his mind more than did the anxious hours he had spent. She had saved his life, and yet he could never thank her. Longing for her took possession of him, and scarcely had he finished his examination before he determined to return for the last time to the desolate, uncanny spot.

As Choa Tsai had told him, he found her grave on the northern side of the lotus pool, under the weeping willow. Sadly he dug up her bones, wrapped them in a cloth, and set out on the journey homeward. In Chekiang he built the lovely maid a grave-mound near his own house. Ling lived to a ripe and happy old age, and all his life long, before any great joy came to him, Choa Tsai would stand at midnight in his room — but she never spoke to him again. Since then the old temple has been abandoned by all men, and wanderers give it a wide berth when their paths run in that direction.

How long the madman dwelt there with his faithful sword, no man knows.

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THOUGH THE SNOW FALLS

BY CYRIL G. TAYLOR

[*Poetry Review*]

He worked in this room,
And here he died —
His dreaming done,
And his eyes as wide
As the frost-fired spaces
Outside.

There 's more of him here
At rest in this room
Than ever they dropped
Into the gloom
Of the churchyard, under
The snow's bloom.

Whether he journeys
On, or keeps
The unbroken vigil
Of wintry steeps,
Here he loved and he labored,
And here he sleeps.

And whoever comes
To dwell where he dwelt,
To work where he worked,
To kneel as he knelt
At the lonelier altars
Of beauty, deep felt —

And however Time
Scrabbles and scrawls,
Untiring, its name
On these vanishing walls,
This place will always be his,
Though the snow falls and falls.

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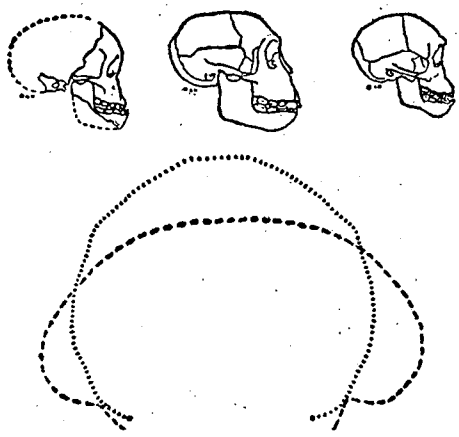
OUR NEW ANCESTOR

LADIES and gentlemen, meet your cousin, Master Australopithecus Africanus of Taungs, South Africa — six years old and several odd million years antique. Seldom has so youthful a person stirred the scientific world to its depth — not by the commonplace method of discovering anything himself, either, mark you, but merely by condescending to *be* discovered. During an incredible period — for though several million is the merest guess, geologists are habitually generous in measuring time — Australopithecus Africanus has been lying, or at least most of his skull has been lying, fifty feet down and 200 feet back in a limestone cliff in a quarry near Taungs, southwest of Johannesburg.

His discoverer is Professor Raymond Dart of Witwatersrand University, who ever since he went to South Africa two years ago has been poking about as fossil-hunters do, in the hope — not quite like Mr. Micawber's — of turning something up. For months Professor Dart had been trailing fossil apes and ape-men about South Africa before the clue which led him to his present discovery turned up — a fossil monkey-skull which an engineer had been casually using for a paper weight. It was not long then before the ardent anthropologist began to uncover abundant remains — all Simon-pure apes, however, with no taint of humanity about them — where blasting operations were laying the limestone open. At length he came upon a natural cast of a skull's interior — made by the infiltration of calcareous deposits into the cavity left by the decaying brain — which was quite unlike anything else he had found. Carefully clearing away the adjacent limestone deposits, he found bits of bone which, when fitted together, gave him the bones of the face and an almost complete set of teeth, including milk teeth which roughly fix the age. In all the more important characters the 'new' skull closely approximates the human type. E. N. Fallaize, of the Royal Anthropological Institute, thus summarizes these characters for the *Observer:* —



APE SKULLS ANCIENT AND MODERN

The upper figures show the new skull (left), and then skulls of living apes. The lower figure shows cross-sections of a gorilla skull (below) and of the new skull (above). They illustrate Professor Dart's article in *Nature*.

The cranium as a whole is distinctly humanoid in character. This is particularly apparent in the harmonious relation of the length of skull from front to back and the length of face, which in all apes are disproportionate to one another, and also in the slope of the forehead, which does not recede to the same degree as in the ape. The prominent eyebrow-ridges with their lateral expansion, characteristic both of the ape and Neanderthal Man, are entirely

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absent. The shape and position of the orbits of the eye resemble those of man. The lower part of the face does not project nor does the chin recede as in the chimpanzee and gorilla, or even as much as in the Piltdown skull. The whole form of the jawbone is significant, for, while it is heavier than that of man, particularly in the breadth of the bone which ascends from the angle of the jaw and articulates with the skull, it is distinctly lighter than that of the anthropoids.

The teeth, again a feature of great significance, are humanoid in character both as to position and form. It is interesting to note that they belong to the milk dentition, and, in a human being, Professor Dart considers, would indicate an age of about six years. In this case the teeth cannot afford any exact indication of age, as little is known of the early stages of dentition in the anthropoid. They do, however, indicate immaturity, a point of some importance when the character of the brain has to be considered.

Professor Dart himself, writing in the British scientific magazine, *Nature*, says: —

> It does not represent an apelike man, a caricature of precocious hominid failure, but a creature well advanced beyond modern anthropoids in just those characters, facial and cerebral, which are to be anticipated in an extinct link between man and his simian ancestor. At the same time, it is equally evident that a creature with anthropoid brain-capacity, and lacking the distinctive, localized temporal expansions which appear to be concomitant with, and necessary to, articulate man, is no true man. It is therefore logically regarded as a manlike ape.

From the skull alone a comparative anatomist can deduce the general posture of the creature to which it belonged. This is possible because the position of the aperture where the spinal cord enters the brain is directly related to the carriage of the body. If an animal stands erect, like man, the aperture is central. If the head is carried forward, the aperture is well to the rear — as in the living apes. Thus we know that Cousin Australopithecus stood more erect than existing apes, but not so erect as the Rhodesian man whose skull was found farther north in Africa at Broken Hill, in 1921. He was beginning to make more use of his forepaws — if they were paws; or hands — if they were hands. These conclusions are borne out by the cast of his brain that Cousin Australopithecus so obligingly left behind him, from which we know that even at six years old he had a brain nearly as large as an adult gorilla's. In short, Cousin Australopithecus was in his day the pride of the family, or, as Dr. Fallaize too coldly puts it, 'the nearest approach to a subhuman type that has yet been discovered.'

The famous anthropologist Elliot Smith, interviewed by the *Manchester Guardian*, scoffs at our poor cousin's brains, but even he declares him 'more human' than either gorilla or chimpanzee. Australopithecus is also 'long-headed.' Is he therefore the earliest 'Nordic'? Alas, we do not know, for 'the long-headed appearance may possibly be due to compression in the limestone.'

How ancient Cousin Australopithecus is and why he died where he did are knotty problems. Of course he does not belong in the limestone, which is of marine origin and antedates him by an incredible number of years; but in limestone there are always caves, and in these caves a good many apes died. Afterward the cave filled up with calcareous deposit — a strange parallel to the Kentucky tragedy.

To the scientist it is disheartening to learn that many remarkable fossils of the same sort have in the past been dug up in the same vicinity and thrown away by ignorant or indifferent workmen. Among these was a complete skeleton, which now rests somewhere

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beneath countless tons of quarry waste.

Almost as important as the skull itself is the significant fact of the location — farther south than anyone ever dreamed the prehistoric anthropoids ranged. Like the Broken Hill skull, it strengthens Darwin's idea that Africa may be the original home of our race. The discovery of *Pithecanthropus erectus* in Java in 1891 and of fossil apes in the Himalayas, however, has hitherto been thought to indicate Central Asia. As the *Daily Telegraph* — in a gleeful bit of human but unscientific gloating — reminds us, 'So convinced were the Americans upon this point that one of the functions of the expedition they sent to Asia two years ago was to look for this "missing link."'

If our British friends persist in emblazoning prehistoric skulls upon the Union Jack like this, we shall have to hoist our dinosaur's eggs along with the Stars and Stripes.

✽

A PARISIAN IDOL

ALTHOUGH even Paris does not quite presume to take this sorry universe and 'remould it nearer to the heart's desire,' there is practically nothing in the way of remodeling and touching up the human form divine that its couturiers and fashion-autocrats are not ready to undertake. These reflections are stirred in the Slavic bosom of a contributor to *Russkaia Gazeta*, a paper published by a group of exiles in the French capital.

'Frantic debate exercises those individuals on whom it is incumbent to create French taste and fashion,' writes the censorious Russian. 'It is a debate as to the latest silhouette of the French lady of fashion. At Luna Park a whole areopagus of couturiers, perfumers, make-up men, dry-goods merchants, and other experts is at present in session. By hard research and diligent study they seek to select the silhouette of the coming season. Hair *à la garçonne*, tight-fitting dress, something nearer a cap than a hat, and an absurd clublike affair under her arm — the new parasol. Such will be the new Parisienne, for women are trying harder than ever to look like men or boys.'

What especially impresses the Russian journalist — it would be hard to say whether it shocks or amuses him — is the flippancy of a famous merchant who has set up in his window the 'idol' of Paris — a little nude carved in gold with scarlet lips and bobbed hair. This stands in the midst of a fantastic grove of gold trees on which hang — instead of leaves — ethereal garments in the latest mode.

✽

IN THE HOME OF A JAPANESE POET

KITAHARA, whom Tokyo thinks the most original of all Japanese poets, must be an odd creature, even for a poet. He lives in a lonely little dwelling whose address no one seems to know except the police, though that circumstance is not so alarming as it sounds, for in Japan the police make it their business to know everything — and then there is no denying that Kitahara was once in prison.

'The House of the Owl' is the name of the little home where he received an Italian visitor who records his impressions in *La Stampa* of Turin.

'I found the house surrounded by dogs, cats, and sparrows. The poet, suddenly appearing, explained that before he built his house in this solitary place he lived in a little temple. On the shelves I noticed a number of rudely made toys.

'"This is the children's corner," said Kitahara. "I receive them whenever they come to see me, and they play with these toys that I have collected in different Japanese villages. Here are

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some that we made together. Our heads dream while our hands work."'

Kitahara is a man of about forty — born on an island not far from Nagasaki, where traditions of the Dutch merchants who visited Japan in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries still linger. The legends fired the boy's imagination, and eventually he went off to Tokyo to seek his fortunes. He had the hardships which are the poet's usual lot.

'The sight of a picture on the wall was my only pleasure in life,' he told his Italian visitor.

Not long after this he was thrown into prison, and there became a convert to Buddhism, at the same time losing his interest in people. Since then he has written mainly of children and animals. He believes that children alone are capable of understanding the simplicity, sincerity, and gentleness of the dumb beasts. Hence his collections of verse, *The Play of Dragon-Flies*, *Letters of Rabbits*, and *The Goose Mother*.

The Japanese writer's opinions of his fellows have a sound strangely familiar in Occidental ears: —

'There are many of them, all mutual rivals, embittered by jealousies which are perfectly alien to me.'

It was George Moore — was n't it? — who defined a literary movement as 'a few people who live in the same town and hate each other.'

♣

THE HARSH BIOGRAPHER

'Mark Over,' who pseudonymously writes a column called the 'Owl Glass' for the London *Outlook*, — and an excellent column it is, by the way, — is having a good deal of fun with Mr. G. D. H. Cole, long known to readers of the *Living Age*. Mr. Cole is what is known, in the technical slang of the psychologists, as a 'dual personality.' That is, he is a writer on the more deadly economic topics, one whose brow possesses a terrifying height. Personality A. In his odd moments, however, he is, not a reader, but a writer, of detective stories. Personality B.

Mr. Cole and the professional manufacturers of detective fiction have the field all to themselves. Weary prime ministers write nothing but memoirs to prove what great statesmen they once were and what rogues their fellow ministers still are. They read detective stories but they do not write them. Whereas Mr. Cole writes — but probably he does not read.

Yet though he may in his leisure unbend in order to indite an alluring tale of crime, Mr. Cole does not regard economics as a crime, but rather as a serious matter. Hence when he enters upon an economic treatise he does not unbend at all, and he is fiercely insistent on scholarly exactness and all that kind of thing. Of late he has been writing a *Life of William Cobbett*, wherein, with the unerring eye of Old Sleuth, he has been detecting the blunders of his predecessors — whence this pessimistic section of his bibliography: —

Carlyle, E. I. — *William Cobbett: A Study of His Life as Shown in His Writings.* 1904. (Painstaking and competent, but dull. It contains very full references to books dealing with Cobbett and his times.)

Huish, Robert. — *Memoirs of the Late William Cobbett.* 2 vols. 1836. (Inaccurate, splenetic, and nearly useless on account of its carelessness.)

Melville, Lewis. — *The Life and Letters of William Cobbett in England and America.* 2 vols. 1913. (Valuable for the many private letters it contains, but superficial.)

Smith, Edward. — *William Cobbett: A Biography.* 2 vols. 1878. (Good, but somewhat uncritically laudatory.)

Watson, J. S. — *Biographies of John Wilkes and William Cobbett.* 1870. (Poor stuff.)

'Mr. Cole, it will be seen,' observes Mark Over without the shadow of a twinkle, 'does not mince his words.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Life and Letters of George Wyndham, by J. W. Mackail and Guy Wyndham. London: Hutchinson and Company, 1925. 42*s*.

[*Spectator*]

MR. MACKAIL has presented his readers with a mass of apparently unsifted material from which to search out the life and character of George Wyndham. He has not, however, left them to do their work unaided. About a third of the first volume is given up to a rough sketch — very brilliant and pleasing — of the life of this great country-gentleman with his masterly grasp of the art of life, his passionate longing for the art of literature, and his hereditary turn for politics. If this sketch be used as a key, the book in intelligent hands should prove delightful. Indeed we are half convinced that this is a very good way to write biography for judicious skippers or leisurely people who like their reading to last.

When George Wyndham died — very easily — in 1912, at forty-eight, he had 'drunk of life in great gulps.' He had enjoyed most of the things which the English world once offered to the very few. Many strange streams met in his blood. His great grandfather on his mother's side was Lord Edward Fitzgerald, husband of Pamela, the reputed daughter of Philippe d'Orléans and Madame de Genlis. His great-grandfather on his father's side was the first Lord Leconfield, the illegitimate son of Lord Egremont by the daughter of the librarian of Westminster Abbey. Wyndham, we are told, never forgot these strange elements in his ancestry, though, certainly, there was nothing in either of his parents to make him remember them. They were simply typical members of the English governing class of their day, whose strong desire to serve their country excused the great preoccupation of their lives, which was the keen pursuit of a manly and womanly happiness for themselves and for their sons and daughters.

Their eldest son, George, had a delightful childhood ending in Eton life and long Eton holidays in which he read and rode and play-acted among a light-hearted cousinhood who rejoiced together in the greater English country-houses. When Eton was over, soldiering took its place, but his military duties, except for the short period of the Sudan campaign, were 'largely matters of trivial routine,' and his time was filled up with hunting and shooting at home and in Ireland. Also, 'there was London Society at its gayest and most brilliant. There were the great functions like Ascot; the drag, the betting, the champagne. In all directions he went the pace pretty hard.' All this absorption in pleasure, however, went together with an intense, one might almost say an exuberant, devotion to his family and a great enthusiasm for literature, specially Elizabethan literature. He was happiest at home with his mother, whom he vowed he loved as no mother had ever been loved before, and his father, who wrote to him when he went to the Sudan: 'I feel to have had such a son is not to have lived in vain.' Here is a description occurring in one of his letters of his own idea of happiness: 'A gorgeous four weeks, undiluted poetry and hunting, living in the rhythm of verse and gallop and more than ever convinced that a bold fencer and the English language are the two vehicles of Paradisal progression.'

But if George Wyndham knew the meaning of enjoyment as the ordinary world can never know it, he did not know the meaning of idleness. To him all his life 'a yawn was a silent yell.' Very soon we find him happily married, working as private secretary to Mr. A. J. Balfour and trying his hand at serious journalism. From then on he turned his mind to politics, and at twenty-eight he thus defines his conservatism: 'I believe more and more in custom, less and less in conscious effort. To try and think, feel, or act as we ought upon every fresh occasion for thought, feeling, and action is to begin building anew upon the foundation every time you need a house. Give me custom to clamp together the loose spars littered in our hearts and minds. In this way we get better than a house, a tower rising tier on tier until at last we scale the heavens which none ever reached by attempting flight without wings.' With these convictions he went into the House of Commons, made his way quickly, was soon in the Government, and later was Secretary for War; but from this mental position of noble traditionalism the Irish question was to shake him. In 1900 he became Chief Secretary for Ireland, and 'the sorcery of the Island to which he was attached by the filaments of ancestry and the pervasive current of blood' enthralled him. He began to think things out anew, and he developed a far greater sympathy with the Nationalists than a Unionist Government could be expected to approve. Yet it was with the full consent of the Cabinet that he chose Sir Anthony Macdonnell, a Catholic and a Liberal, to be permanent Under-Secretary of State upon Sir Anthony's own terms. 'I should be willing,' Macdonnell writes, 'to take office under you on this condition — that I am given adequate opportunities of influencing the action and policy of the Irish Government and (subject, of course, to

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your control) am allowed freedom of action within the law.'

George Wyndham gave his subordinate a great deal of rope, and it was small wonder that John Redmond could soon write of the Chief Secretary: 'I am obliged to be fierce with him in public, but I know he is with us' — with the Irish people that is — 'in his heart, and we all know it.' Small wonder, too, if men began to say that the man governing Ireland was running with the hare and hunting with the hounds.

But before the fiasco which led to his resignation Wyndham enjoyed a glittering success: 'They do believe in me and tremble toward belief in the Empire because of their belief in me,' he wrote. The Land Bill passed and the visit of the King and Queen to Ireland threw the country into a momentary fervor of royalty. Edward VII 'indicated a desire' that both the Chief Secretary and the Permanent Under-Secretary should remain, a desire which caused George Wyndham soon after to refuse the governorship of Bombay, which, perhaps, as things turned out, he had better have accepted.

The loyal enthusiasm soon fizzled out; Wyndham was severely criticized on all hands, was accused of being, in fact, a Unionist in sympathy with the Catholic majority. Desperately disappointed and overworked, 'whirling rather than walking through his days,' for 'he had always been over-engined for his hull,' Wyndham's staying-power was obviously overtaxed. 'Artificial stimulants and bursts of violent exercise only ran up the overdraft.' He broke down and went away to recruit. During his absence the Devolution imbroglio arose. As is shown by the secret history divulged in these pages we can but see that no one was to blame. Macdonnell wrote to his chief to keep him informed of what he was doing, and Wyndham never read the letters, but chivalrously refused to repudiate in the House of Commons a policy he would never have pursued so far alone. Resignation was, of course, the only way out.

After the Irish affair George Wyndham never rose again to great political importance. Perhaps the English people were already working for a different type of leader. According to his biographer he never fully understood the urban workingmen 'with their horse-sense, their caustic humor, and their gross sentimentality.'

Perhaps, on the other hand, he had outgrown his political ambition. The following sentences in a letter to Charles Boyd look as if this were the case. 'Am I to parade at Westminster and intrigue in its purlieus? No! the answer is, No. I have a wife, a son, a home, six good hunters, and a library of romance. I mean to enjoy them. If I am wanted I can be found.'

Mr. Pepys: An Introduction to the Diary, together with a Short Sketch of his later Life, by J. R. Tanner. London: Bell, 1925. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Saturday Review*]

PEPYS was not only a master of detail in strangely candid confessions, he was also a great public servant of singular pertinacity. Physically a coward, he was strong in moral courage, and not to be bluffed by base informers. His later life lasted several years after his bad eyes made him give up the 'Diary.' Dr. Tanner writes as an expert on his official papers, which are widely different in style from his familiar writing. He was not equally capable all round, — he found *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, for instance, 'the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life,' — but whatever he took in hand he did with admirable thoroughness. His later years were passed under a cloud of suspicion, but he must always have enjoyed himself, since in his retirement he could develop as a scholar virtuoso.

We learn with pleasure that Dr. Tanner has taken over the matter Wheatley collected with a view to a full-dress life. There we hope to read Dr. Tanner's own views and conclusions rather than those of others. Meanwhile, this book is the best record we have seen of Pepys's multifarious energies and pursuits.

After Lenin, by Michael Farbman. London: Parsons, 1925. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

HAVING written *Bolshevism in Retreat* two years ago, Mr. Farbman was bound to supplement it with an account of Leninism without Lenin, as it shows itself under the new economic policy and the shifting balance of power in Russia. He describes the present policy, and gives a series of excellent portrait-studies of the men now in control. Better still, because far more needed by the English reader, is Mr. Farbman's exposition, with an excellent historical summary, of the vital problem of the peasant and the State — as serviceable a piece of work as we have found in any recent book on Russia. He ends with two chapters on Anglo-Russian coöperation and Russia as a market. They are brief, but packed with knowledge and judicious suggestion.

BOOKS MENTIONED

COLE, G. D. H. *The Life of William Cobbett.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1925. $4.50.

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NEW SPRING BOOKS

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Among the scores of manuscripts submitted in the Hawes Prize Contest, two were of such outstanding merit that they were retained for publication. These are

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A stirring tale of the adventures of a group of Americans caught in France at the time of the Napoleonic wars. *Illustrated.* $2.00

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When one of the chapters in this book appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* the response was so tremendous that the entire edition of the magazine was sold at once and we received hundreds of requests to reprint it. This remarkable personal record is an important contribution to the religious thought of the day — particularly timely at the Lenten and Easter season. $2.00

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The noted authority on farm problems, in this book, answers the thousand and one questions constantly arising with those who live or hope to live in the country. A book full of glowing enthusiasm, sound knowledge and hard common sense. $1.50

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Disturbing

SPRING is a disturbing time of the year.

The world awakens, and, strangely enough, we who thought we were awake all the time, find that we are just becoming so.

On a pleasant afternoon, when freshness fills the air, and even into city streets creeps the smell of clean earth, few places seem so unattractive as that which duty or routine specifies as the spot for us to be.

The most desirable place is a country road, bordered by budding trees.

* * *

But if the equinoctial storm happens to be raging outside, and all the country roads you know are hopelessly muddy, then read Arnold Whitridge's "Travelling with Creusa" in the April Scribner's Magazine.

"Let me explain at once," he says, "that Creusa and I are not objectionable walkers. We accomplished no feat of physical prowess that required either a preliminary training-table or the subsequent attention of a Swedish masseur. If the imagination is expected to show any activity it is obviously unreasonable to paralyze the body with fatigue."

* * *

N. P. Babcock migrated from a Park Row reportorial job to the editorship of a weekly paper in Colorado.

He doesn't say whether it was in the spring or not, but he felt the urge to get away from the hustle of the city into a place where he would have time to read and think.

What he found was not exactly what can be called rural calm. But, he became a friend of Eugene Field's, and he tells a good story on him.

* * *

J. Frank Davis presents "Uncle Tom's Cabin" — an American institution.

* * *

Then, there are H. A. L. Fisher, Edith Wharton, Edward G. Spaulding and many others.

* * *

Only to mention the fiction —

There's an open road tang about "Bachelors on Horseback" by Roger Burlingame, author of that satire on advertising "You Too."

There's power and feeling in "Tropical Heat and White Men" by Isa Urquhart Glenn.

There's humor in "Jonesy Gets His Swim" by Edwin C. Dickenson.

* * *

The April Scribner's Magazine will be out about the time the next Living Age is.

* * *

Good buy.

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